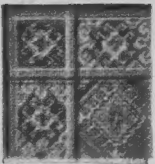
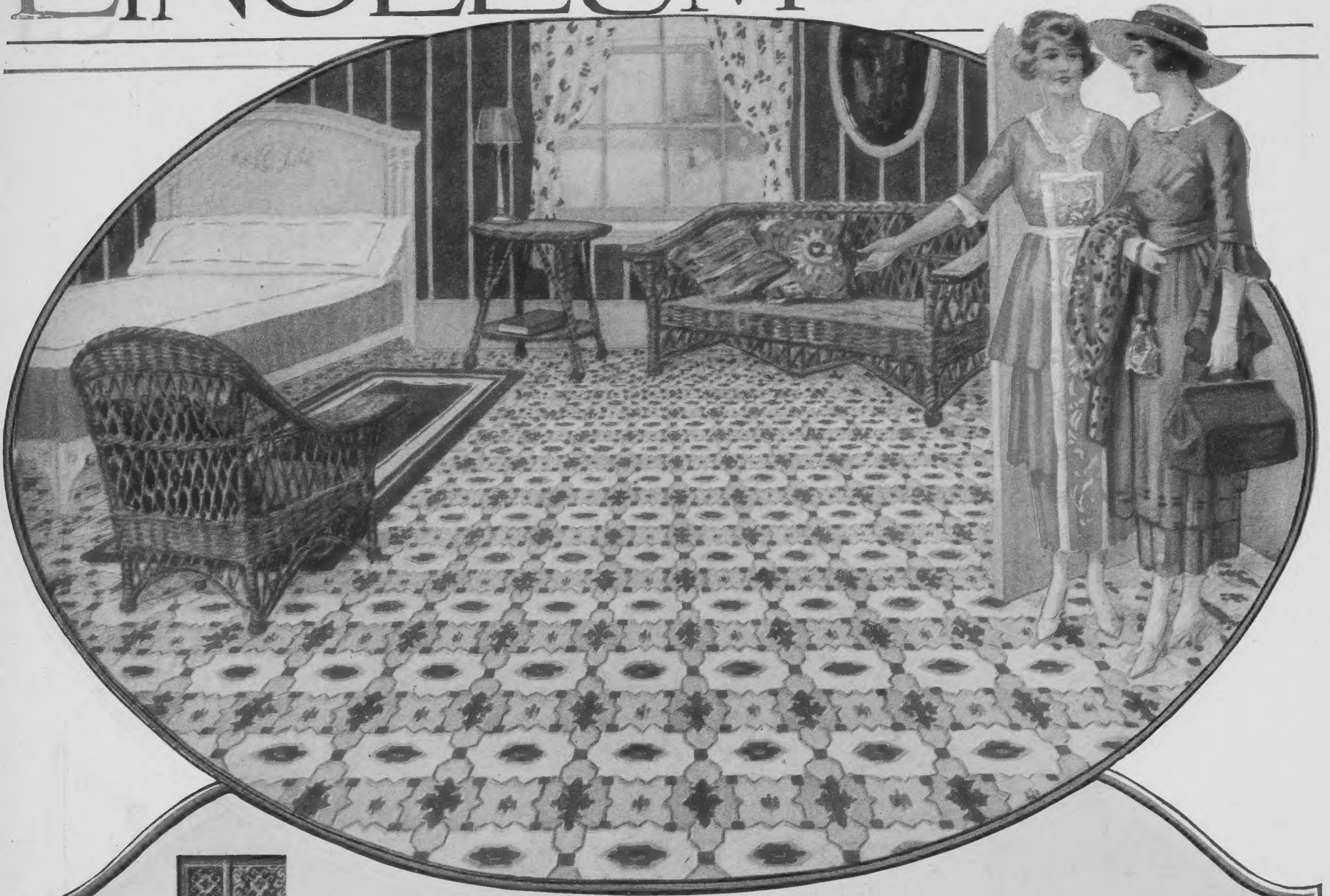


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"Yes, and the New Linoleum did it. We bought it to save work--- but it has made this the most attractive room in the house!"

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It is so easy to carry out any color scheme — or match the hangings and wall paper already in the room, for there are many patterns to choose from. For long wear, Linoleum excels. It will stand rough usage — yet it is very moderate in price. For cleanliness, Linoleum is to be recommended. Just a light mopping occasionally is all it requires.

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Good Floor Covering Dealers throughout Canada will gladly display these products.

Always ask for strong canvas back before buying.



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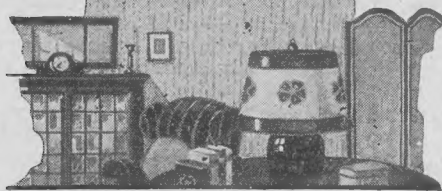
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Sanitas is made on durable cloth, machine-painted in a wide variety of beautiful patterns and tints that time and light do not fade. Hangs like wall-paper, does not crack or peel, is sanitary and easily wiped fresh and clean with a damp cloth. All genuine Sanitas Modern Wall Covering has the trade mark on the back.

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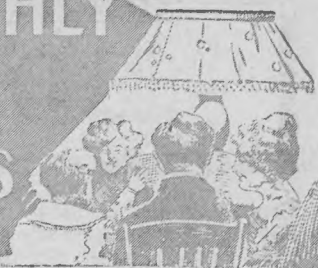
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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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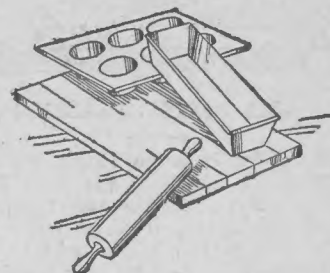
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Cleans thoroughly; hygienically.



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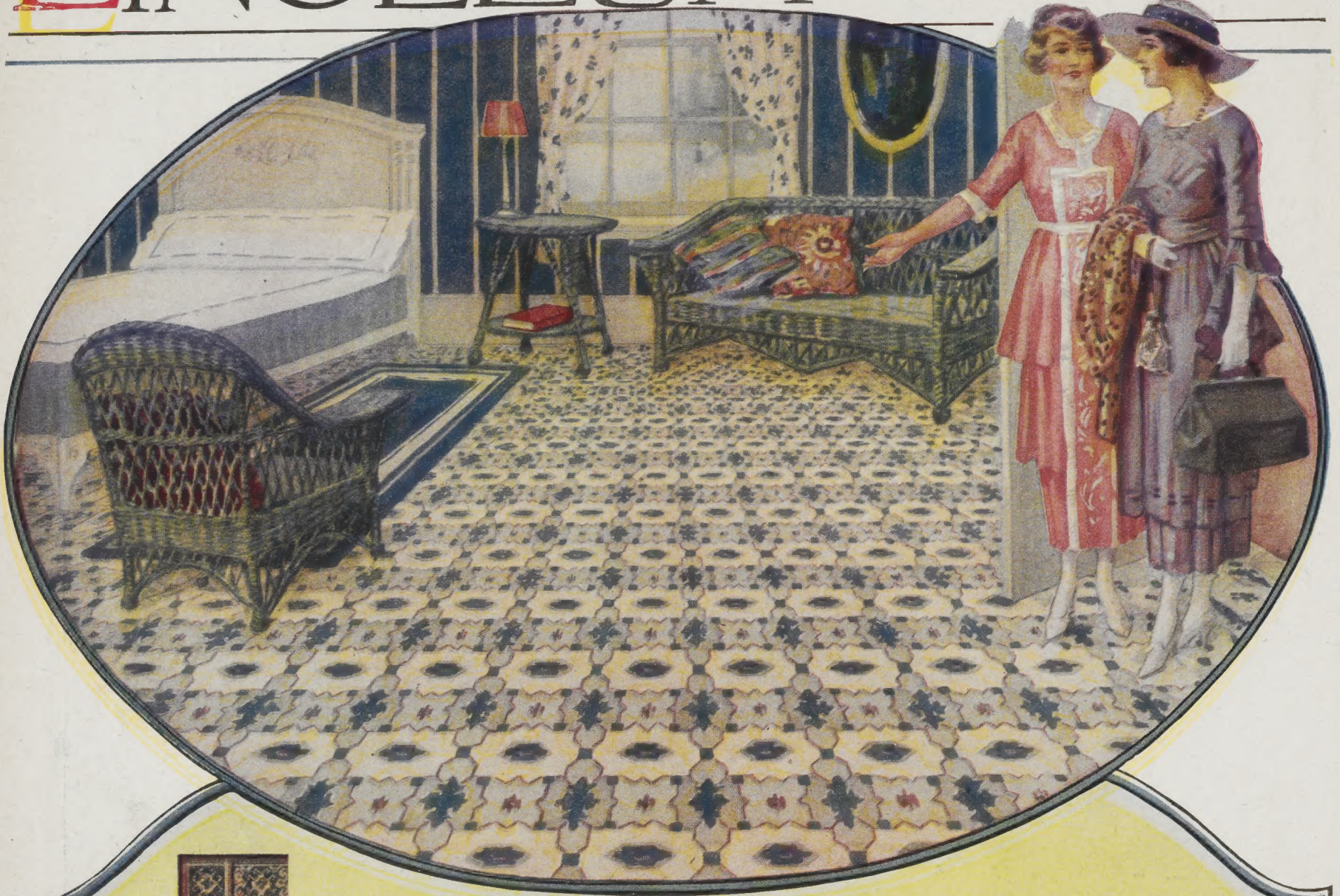
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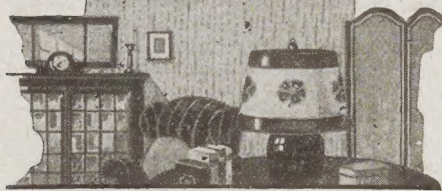
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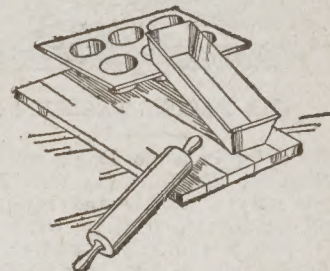
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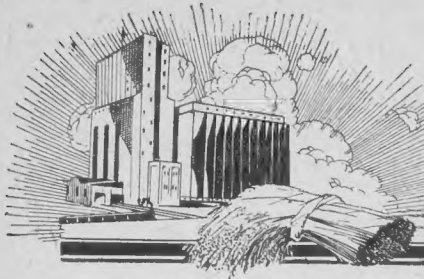


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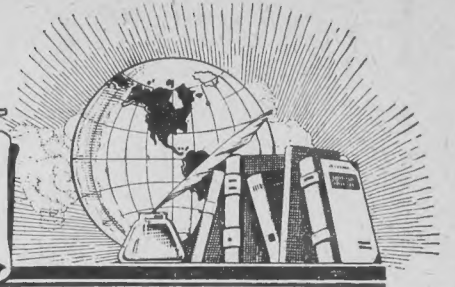
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EDITORIAL



THE PACIFIC PROBLEM

The Atlantic is no longer an ocean dividing the Old from the New World. It is only a puddle—and because of world conditions, a dirty one. The real Ocean is the Pacific, and the real world trouble is that in which the United States, the British Empire and Japan are likely to come into conflict. It is, therefore, very gratifying to note that President Harding has asked for a Conference to deal with the Pacific Problem.

Those who think Japan a minor factor in settling difficulties should understand its position in Eastern Siberia and the attitude of the militaristic party, now in the ascendant. The Japanese Government has now demanded from the Far Eastern republic the opening of three important points, Khabarovsk, Blagoveshchensk, and Chita—the latter being the seat of government. It also demands for its nationals concessions in mines, woods and steamship communication on the Amur, and insists that its subjects be compensated for all the loss they sustained in the civil war in Siberia.

Moreover, the colossal mining and forest concessions, which the Japanese are demanding and which nobody can prevent them from taking, will give the Mikado a strangle-hold on the Far Eastern republic. Worst of all, Japan is working through Russian agents, whom she has bought body and soul. One of these is Gen. Semenov, who is only a figurehead in the hands of Capt. Kuroki, the clever son of Field Marshal Kuroki, the conqueror at the battle of the Yalu. Semenov is a very ignorant young Cossack and almost a savage, but his proclamations are written for him and his military plans drawn up by Kuroki, who speaks Russian well and is always at his elbow. Semenov is occasionally sent by his master to Tokio in order to grovel before the Mikado, who, though now, as is well known, sunk into a lethargic and halfwitted condition, is generally pleased at seeing a white man grovelling before him in a posture of abject abasement.

Semenov never really acknowledged Kolchak, and Kolchak could never win the obedience of this Cossack bandit, who had behind him the might of Japan, the only country that really counted in Siberia, for it could send half a million men into the Maritime Province in the course of a month, a feat which neither America nor England could possibly do. If Japan had really wanted to crush the Bolsheviks it could have done so easily in 1918. If it had really wanted to assist the "Supreme Ruler" it could have seated him in the Kremlin in 1919. But, judging by its actions, it seemed to desire that Russia should remain weak and divided, and it seems to desire so still.

The Soviet Government is afraid that Japan will launch from Vladivostok a great attack not only on Red Siberia but even on Red Russia, but it need have no cause for fear. The Japanese want to keep the Russians fighting one another *ad infinitum*, and if any of the White Generals in its pay are too successful against the Bolsheviks it will get rid of them, for a strong Russia, whether White or Red, is the last thing in the world that the Mikado's Government desires. Its one idea is to make the Russian Pacific coast really Japanese, though nominally it may be Monarchist or S. R. or Menshevik.

But whatever it be Japan will rule the roost. Even in 1919, when there were American, British, French, and Italian troops in Siberia, the Japanese soldiers and officers behaved as though they were cocks of the walk. Incidents

illustrating the contempt with which they treated foreign officers could be cited by the score. On one occasion at Harbin four American officers had taken a compartment in a railway car by paying for it and getting a proper authorization from the railway authorities to have it entirely to themselves. But after the train had started a Japanese Major who spoke English insisted, despite all protests, on forcing his way into it and taking the best seat. There was naturally a row, in the course of which the Major drew a revolver, but was knocked down and kept a prisoner till he ended the journey.

And so the most interesting feature of the Conference on the Pacific is to know just where Japan will stand on the Siberian question and on the Chinese question which is just as interesting.

The problem of the Cossack, the Anglo-Saxon and the Japanese is a race problem, and therefore not easy of solution. Before it the lesser problems such as that of Bolshevism, labor troubles, and trade disputes are merely secondary. So it is well that the Conference is called just at the beginning of things. Let the world hope for a peaceful outcome.

THE NEW WORLD AND GERMANY

"In the next war look out for Germany." It is going to be a war of a different kind and the victory will go not to those who are strongest in arms and armaments, but to those best disciplined for work and leisure. Since 1920, most of the nations, notably our own, have been wrangling over conditions of labor and have been learning how to do nothing and receive everything for it, whereas in Germany they have been organizing for production, and though they have to give away most of what they produce, they will at least save their own souls through labor. The following clipping gives some idea of what is taking place.

"Mobilization of the host of German technical men for the purpose of increasing production and making it possible for Germany to bear the burden laid upon it by the World War was called for by numerous speakers at the fifth general meeting of the National League of German Technicians held in Essen the first week of June. Herr Dahl, President of the league and a member of the National Economic Council, as quoted in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, said that while the league already embraced 220 technical bodies and some 300,000 individual members, it aimed to take in everybody occupying an important post in industry, from the general manager to the foreman, and from the locomotive engineer to the technical Secretary of State.

"Among the special objects of the league, which disclaims any idea of being a political organization, are the promotion of technical training in both the public schools and the colleges, education of the masses of the people regarding the importance of technical work, co-operation of talented technicians with public bodies, abolishment of the monopoly of public administration held by lawyers and ending of the domination of the merchants in economic life.

"General approval seemed to be accorded to the sentiments voiced by Herr Beuster, a former city building commissioner of Berlin, who declared that there was no use wasting more time on discussing the possibility of fulfilling the reparation terms, but that Germany must get down to hard work and do its best to make good by increasing

the productivity of both its public and private industries and institutions. Even the eight-hour working day, which was very nice as a social achievement, must not be adhered to too strictly if it stood in the way of increased production. In the general discussion following Herr Beuster's talk, some speakers asserted that systematic development of Germany's available farm lands would result in an increase of from 50 to 80 per cent. in the agricultural output."

It is clear as crystal that the nation which is going to endure is the nation that knows how to work. The eight-hour day is not the all important consideration in life. Any man and any people that would achieve true greatness must be willing to give not eight hours and measured effort, but on occasion the whole twenty-four hours and blood-sweat, in order that they may realize their ambitions and work out their destiny.

It is one thing, however, for Germany through hard work to retrieve her fortunes. It is another thing for her to command the good-will and esteem of mankind. A few in Germany such as Dr. Foerster, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Munich, understand.

It is this devoted son of Germany who says that "ineradicably, and justly, there exists in the allied nations a firm belief that it was the ruling class of Germany that made the world holocaust inevitable." It is the same friend of Germany, and not an enemy, who states that with "undeniable justice" the Allies find the counterpart of the German misdeeds only "in the far-off days of the migration of nations." And it is this persecuted but still loyal teacher who cries to German people to awake, before it is too late, to the fact that Germany cannot take up a helpful mission until it has "overcome the moral isolation into which it was plunged, not only because of what happened, but because of the lack of any frank and truthful attitude toward what happened." To make the charge concrete, he asks, "Have the persons responsible for the Belgian deportations and the deportation of French women and children, or have the persons responsible for the destruction of French coal mines and fruit trees, been called to an accounting before the German people?" Again, it is this German professor who says that "only if the German people * * * will pay its debt by setting a high example of a complete change of heart—only then can the ban be lifted which has fallen upon the world."

"In this way—and not by shouting, scolding and nagging a world unfavorably disposed to us—can we create a place in the world for our right to life, and so prepare ourselves to adoption into a society of nations."

If Germany had come to Versailles in this mood; if Dr. Simon had come to London authorized to speak such sentiment on behalf of the German people; if today the professors of Germany were to sign a document in such a contrite spirit as this, with Dr. Foerster, and the people were sincerely and in like spirit to follow them, then, indeed, would the ban be lifted which has fallen upon the world. These are large "ifs." Two of them have to do with events irrevocably past. One relates to the future. Germany's own salvation, as well as the good of the world, can be realized only by converting this future subjunctive into an indicative.

France and her allies cannot "despise a broken and a contrite heart." On the other hand, they cannot be mag-

nanimous toward what this German teacher of teachers characterizes, by implication, as a "protesting, hating, revenge-breeding Germany."

Contrition is to show itself, not by mere self-abnegation, needful as this is, but by learning "to judge German things from the viewpoint of Europe," by doing "justice to the sentiment of those who have suffered from the brutality of their former methods," and by emerging from the provincialism of nationalistic emotion.

JAZZ AND MORALS

A year ago a young lady attending one of the higher institutions of learning in this country went to pieces physically. She was suffering from nervous exhaustion. The principal of the school on inquiry found that she was a musical prodigy—that she had in particular a feeling for rhythm possessed by few. Though as a child she was well taught and grounded in classical music, yet when jazz came she instinctively took to it because of its peculiar rhythm. One hearing of a selection was enough to make it her own. Indeed she "jazzed" even classical music. Broken rhythm was second nature to her.

Along with the "jumpiness" of the new music there developed a parallel "jumpiness" in herself. Her walking, her dancing and even her conversation partook of the nature of the music. She was jazz—through and through.

A return to classical music for three or four weeks restored her to normal, and then a subsequent reversion to jazz brought on once again the evil effects already mentioned, so that there was no doubt in her own mind and that of observers as to the relation between cause and effect.

This is what might have been expected. All music has a mental effect, and there is a close relation between mental and physical conditions. Jazz and kindred music produces a mental hysteria which is harmful in the extreme. It works against sobriety, poise and calm judgment.

Those who smile upon jazz as one of the fripperies of youth are sadly mistaken. At Springfield, recently, Mrs. Anne Faulkner Oberndorfer of Chicago, chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, exposed the evil, showing that the new music atrophies the brain-cells, acting as a narcotic, or paralyzes the will power, destroying the fine sense of right and wrong.

Mrs. Oberndorfer went into the subject of the morals of modern youth. She blamed jazz entirely for the present day laxity, which she declared was not confined to city dance halls, but had pervaded college life.

"When a fraternity of one of the largest Eastern universities dares to print on an invitation to a dance 'A check room for corsets will be provided' the situation is pretty bad," she said. "The corset check room is a fact in Eastern cities. Jazz music is the evil responsible for it."

"Why," Mrs. Oberndorfer inquired, "will mothers expose their children to this evil during their most sensitive age in the most alluring form of amusement, dancing? The old dances were musical, the 'Blue Danube' waltz is good music on the records to-day. Jazz never can stand that test of time. It is not to be confused with ragtime. Jazz is musically unsound because it accents a weak beat, it is a perversion of good music which intoxicates the senses."

Mrs. Oberndorfer does not contend she discovered all the evil attributed to jazz. She quotes from findings of the

(Continued on page 31)

How You Can Have Prettier Clothes at Half the Cost

The answer to the question that every woman is asking

By Elizabeth June Christie

THE other day I dropped in to call on a very dear friend of mine whom I had not seen for several months. She was wearing such a perfectly charming dress that I simply had to express my admiration. "Maybe if I could afford to patronize the exclusive shops just once," I ventured, and I fear a bit enviously, "I could have a gown as wonderfully stylish and becoming as that."

And then Grace looked at me and smiled. "Would you really like to meet the modiste who designed and fashioned and made this dress—every stitch and seam of it?" she asked. "Then gaze upon her. I made it all myself."

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed, "I never knew you did any sewing at all."

"I never did until a few months ago. But in those few months I've learned to make all my own clothes—not merely just to make them, but to make them as dresses are made in the best shops. I've learned to draft from my own measurements patterns that fit perfectly—or to adapt any tissue pattern—I've learned to really develop style in a garment—and to individualize it—to copy a garment I see on the street, in a shop window, or in a fashion magazine and yet put in those little touches that are meant just for me."

"Then I've learned every step of fitting, making, trimming, finishing—everything. My dear, not a hand but mine touched this dress from the day I selected the materials until I put it on just as you see it now. And here's something more. I know you well enough to tell you that this dress, which would be priced at least \$40 in a shop, cost me exactly \$13.50!"

"But tell me," I said, still puzzled, "where did you go to learn it all? How did you find the time?"

"I went to school," she answered, "on my own front porch and in that sunny back sitting-room—I went whenever I had an hour or even a few minutes to spare. My teacher I have never seen, although I feel that she is one of my warmest friends. I learned it all, my dear Elizabeth, at home, through the Woman's Institute. And if you want to give your readers some news that will win their everlasting gratitude in these days when economy is so important, tell them the story of what the Woman's Institute is doing for more than 125,000 women, in city, town and country everywhere. Why, in Canada alone there are 6310 students!"

SO that is how I happened to be sitting three days later across the table from Mary Brooks Picken, listening to the perfectly wonderful story of this great school which has brought happiness, and the joy of having pretty clothes, and savings almost too good to be true, into thousands upon thousands of homes all over America! Mrs. Picken is Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute, a practical expert dressmaker with years of experience, a great heart and a sympathetic understanding of woman's needs and every-day home problems. She is so enthusiastic about the good the Institute is doing that her face fairly beamed as she talked.

"Every woman knows," she was saying, "that she could have many more clothes for much less money if she could make them herself. But how is a busy housewife to learn dressmaking if she must leave her home to take employment as a dressmaker's apprentice or to attend a resident school?"



ALICE SEIFF.

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed, "I never knew you did any sewing at all."

"It was that condition of things that led us to develop an entirely new method of teaching dressmaking by which the instruction is given entirely by mail. This means that now any woman, no matter where she may live, may learn everything about dressmaking right in her own home in spare time. Not merely the essentials, but the whole art of dressmaking, designing, cutting, fitting and the construction of garments of every kind."

"It is not necessary that she even know how to make a simple stitch. The instruction begins with stitches and seams, and is not finished until the student can design, cut, fit and make with her own hands a gown, suit or dress of any style, no matter how elaborate."

"And do you also teach students how to renovate and remodel their old clothes and hats?" I asked.

"Of course," was her answer, "or else our courses would be incomplete. We have many reports from students who have been able, with our help, to design and produce new dresses and hats of the very latest styles from those they had never hoped to wear again because they were out of date."

"Our lessons are written in every-day words that even children understand. Then, too, every little step in the instruction is not only fully explained, but is actually shown by means of pictures—so that it is practically impossible for the student to make any mistakes. And every student receives personal, individual help and instruction."

We went through the big instruction department and I watched the teachers at their work of examining reports, marking lessons, and dictating letters to students. Then I understood why the

method of teaching is so wonderfully successful.

As we came back to Mrs. Picken's office she turned to a great pile of letters from students on her desk. "They come to us like this every day," she said.

A stenographer who enrolled for the dressmaking course as relaxation after the day's grind, wrote that in three months, after business hours, she made a gingham gown, two white wash skirts, a voile dress, a tailored woolen skirt and a raincoat. She lists a dozen garments in all, made since starting her course, at a saving of \$91, and her figures are conservative.

A young girl who took the course to reduce living expenses in a family of many children wrote: "Father says that in the last year I saved him at least \$125 and he is very proud of me. And our family was never so well dressed."

In reading their letters, I was amazed at the quickness with which students turned their knowledge into cash.

One woman, after having partly completed her dressmaking course, opened a shop in her own home and made \$500 the first four months.

Another student began sewing by the day almost as soon as she had mastered the first few lessons, continuing her studies at night. Today she teaches sewing in the grade schools of her home town, recommended to the position because of the excellent sewing she did for the wife of the superintendent of schools.

A young woman of twenty-four took the millinery course and did a business of \$4,000 in her home town last season.

A girl who clerked in a confectionery store at \$9 a week, after a few lessons, decided that she could make more money

by sewing at home. She did. She earned \$22 the first week.

"YOU see," Mrs. Picken went on, "we not only teach a woman to make her own and her children's clothes but we give her so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking that she is able to take it up as a profession if she desires. Hundreds of our students learn dressmaking in spare time while doing other work and then, when they are fully equipped, step right into good positions as dressmakers or open their own shops, where they sometimes make two or three times as much money as formerly. One feature about our course is that it enables a woman to make practical, stylish garments while she learns. There are no tedious preliminaries. Almost at once a student starts making garments for herself or others."

"Another wonderful thing about our work," she said, "is that we can reach every one. Among our students are women and girls at home, business women, farmers' wives, teachers, school girls, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. And there are, oh, so many mothers who simply pour out their thanks to us for teaching them how to have dainty clothes for their little ones at a mere fraction of what their clothes cost before."

"Then, too," she said, "we have a course in millinery just as complete and fascinating and practical, by which a woman can quickly learn to make her own hats or can qualify to take up millinery as a business."

"And we are now teaching Foods and Cookery—showing how to make your housekeeping easy and pleasant, besides saving one-third your grocery, meat and fuel bills, in the same successful way."

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient."

"But tell me," I said, "how do you get your students?"

"Largely through the recommendations and endorsements of our present students," she replied. "Their enthusiasm is contagious and their friends want to learn, too, so they write us. Then we publish three books, entitled 'Dressmaking Made Easy,' 'Millinery Made Easy,' and 'Cooking Made Easy,' which are mailed free on request."

And so, at her suggestion, I have arranged below, for the convenience of my readers, a coupon, which if filled out and mailed promptly, will bring without any obligation, a free booklet, with much more information about the Woman's Institute and its courses than I have been able to give here. Please be sure to state whether you are most interested in Home or Professional Dressmaking, Millinery or Cooking.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 16-W, Scranton, Penna.

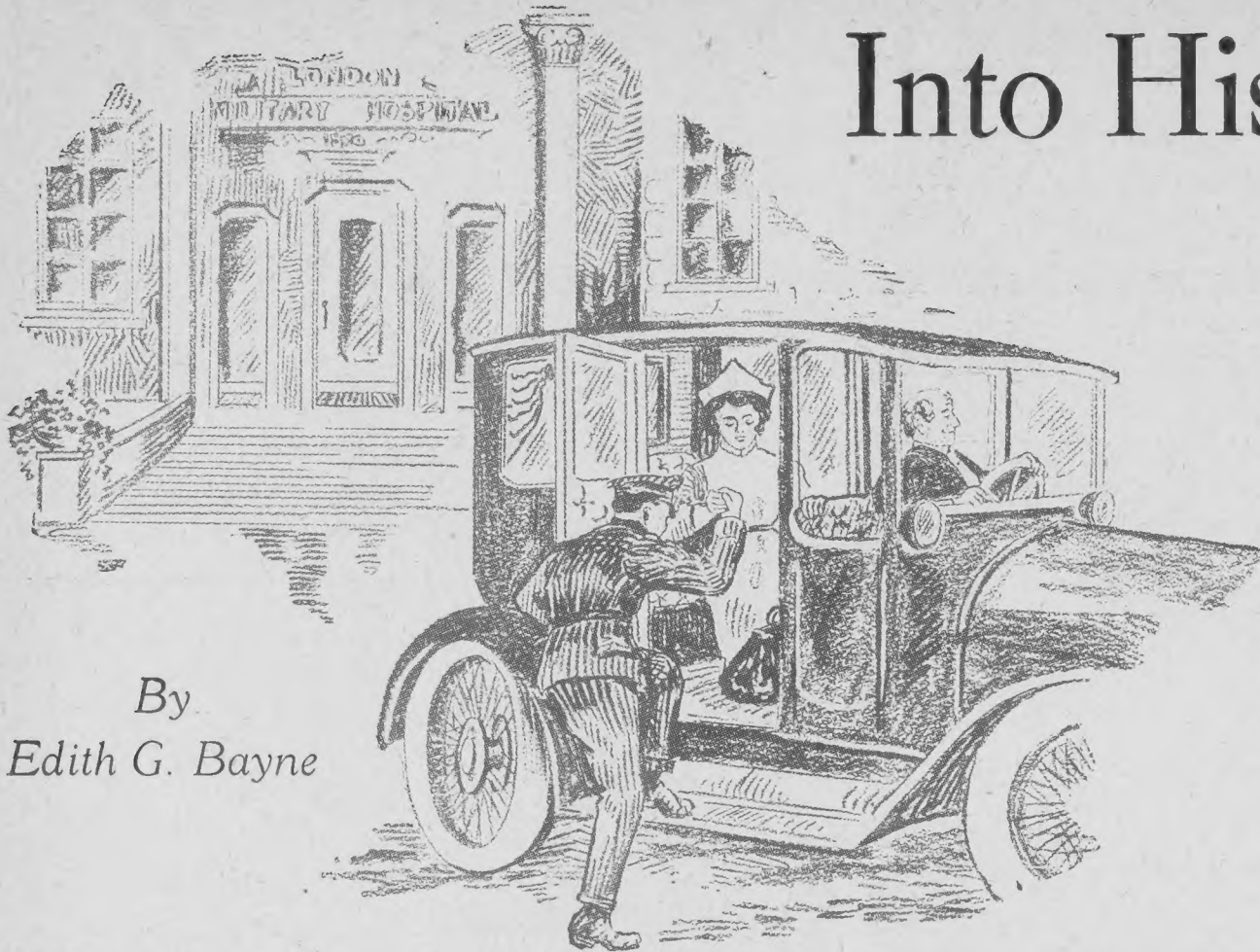
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Into His Own



By
Edith G. Bayne

THE young man in room C of the mental ward of the big sea-coast hospital lifted his eyes from the book he was reading and listened expectantly as light footsteps came down the hall. But they passed his screen doorway, and had evidently gone on. That wasn't her. Presently footsteps again and the crisp swish of a nurse's skirt, also a faint hint of iodine. That wasn't her, either. Her left shoe squeaked ever so little. That was how he distinguished her approach each evening.

The gong had gone nearly ten minutes since. What could be keeping her? He closed his book and flung it aside with an air of disgust. He leaned back among the pillows of his easy chair and closed his eyes. Sighing, after a moment, he opened them and from the pocket of his dressing-gown drew forth a heavy square envelope. He passed a sensitive forefinger over the embossed crest on the flap and absently twirled the missive about in his long, lean fingers. All day he had been endeavoring to concoct a plausible excuse for declining the invitation to Cliff Grange, Devonshire, and at least a dozen times since the day nurse had given it to him he had drawn it forth, fascinated in spite of himself. It was his very first letter with a coat-of-arms and his very first special invitation to one of the "stately homes of England" as far as he knew! There was unalloyed aristocracy in the very crackle of the stiff, cream-colored parchment, and in the simple and somewhat curt phraseology he felt that he detected the soul of English exclusiveness.

Not for him Cliff Grange, Devonshire! In his mind's eye he pictured himself being driven to this abode of the "upper crust" by a taciturn old family retainer in a trap—or would it be a brougham?—and being bored interminably thereafter by endless red tape and British "precedent." He saw himself confronted by six forks and six knives and six spoons at table, saw a solemn side-whiskered butler pussy-footing about the room—a great oak-paneled austere dining-hall it would be—and two footmen on guard watching every bite he took. Then later tea on the terrace with the vicar or the rector, and a squad of tall, athletic spinsters in low-heeled Oxfords challenging him to a ten-mile walk over the downs—whatever they were; and a number of old ladies in caps playing cribbage or a "rubber" and cross-questioning him about his family tree; and an old Indian Army officer with a walrus mustache and a

boresome propensity for telling snake stories; and somebody else who would insist on lugging him through the family art gallery and pointing out with elaborate verbosity and much unction the dead-and-gone Broughtons from the first baronet down; and guests of various ranks whom he'd be certain to address wrongly. All this he anticipated and much more and the frown of perplexity on his brow deepened. He'd have to think up a good one and soon.

That was why he awaited his little night nurse so anxiously. Her quiet sympathy was an unflinching comfort. She'd help him out if anyone could.

The young man in room C was the most baffling of the "memory" cases. Perhaps that was why Miss Kent took a very special interest in him. The men in A and B and D and the other rooms had found or been found by friends or relatives eventually, but hitherto the most exhaustive advertising efforts, supplemented by photos taken from many angles, had failed to bring to light one individual who could positively vouch for the identity of the man in room C. Two days ago, it is true, something in the nature of a possibility had arisen when Lady Broughton had despatched her old servant to the hospital to verify her suspicion that the apparently friendless young man was her son Rex. Only her invalidism had prevented a visit in person.

At last came Miss Kent gliding softly into the room. She greeted her patient cheerily and placed an egg-nog at his side.

"You've changed your shoes," he grumbled, smiling nevertheless with sheer gladness.

If she noticed the light in his usually sombre eyes she paid no outward attention.

"Drink it, Louis," she ordered, indicating the tall glass topped with rich yellow foam.

"Louis? There you go again! Why Louis?"

"It means 'bold warrior,'" said the night nurse simply. "We didn't know your name but—we knew what you'd done."

She added the last very softly as she finished shaking his cushions and then drew the little stand closer. The young man caught one of her hands with an adroit movement.

"I don't care what you call me," he said rapturously, "so long as you say it in just that tone!"

She flashed a glance at him then looked quickly away while a little spasm of pity passed fleetingly over her face. She tried to withdraw her hand.

"It seems a hundred years since last night. What kept you anyway?"

"A clinic. Aren't you going to drink this, Louis? Please!"

"In a moment. I—I want you to help me fix up an excuse for this."

With his free hand he extended the crested letter. The nurse looked at it unemotionally and nodded.

"Lady Broughton is sending the family motor for you at eleven tomorrow, Louis," she said. "Feeling pretty fit?"

"I'm not going."

"Oh, you must."

"Why?"

"Haven't they told you?"

"No one has told me anything."

Miss Kent seated herself, regaining her hand as she did so.

"It is thought that you may be Rex Broughton," she said.

"Rex Broughton!" he echoed. "What the heck!"

"The youngest and now only remaining son. The heir. Think hard, Louis. Were you ever in Australia?"

The young man shrugged. He shook his head.

"Hardly think so. Perhaps. Why Australia?"

"That's where Rex went to they think. He ran away to sea as a mere lad and never returned. There are just his mother and one old servant who would recognize him."

"Oh, the old boy—who was here Tuesday quizzing me!"

"Yes, and they're both positive you are he."

"Did I have the Anzac uniform on?"

"You were picked up with—well, scarcely anything on, Louis. That's what has added to our difficulties. Not even your disc. We think if you were to go to Cliff Grange that gradually the old familiar sights would bring it all back. Your memory—"

"But I'd be leaving you!" he exclaimed blankly.

The little nurse smiled a trifle sadly.

"And you don't seem a bit sorry," he added, gloomily.

"I am. But—"

"And you said you'd marry me some day—when my identity is established. You said you'd wait."

She regarded him with a troubled smile.

"I've promised at one time or another to marry every man on this floor," she said, gently and seriously. "The head nurse told me that I had saved lives by doing it. Lots of the nurses promise that and luckily the men forget. Most of them are already married anyway."

"I'm not."

"You don't know for certain."

"Oh yes, I do. And I'll marry nobody but you!"

"You'll like it at the Grange," she said lightly, rising at this point. "It's a wonderful old place, I understand."

"I'm not going."

"Be good, Louis. I've—undertaken to see that you go."

"I wonder what this coat-of-arms thing means," he said, idly curious, and eager to keep her near a little longer. "It looks like a hand holding up a torch and the words are 'Vide et Crede.' Are you familiar with heraldry?"

"A little," and she glanced shrewdly at him. "Don't you even faintly remember the family arms? Think. 'See and Believe' is the motto."

"In other words, 'I'm from Missouri,'" returned the young man. "No, I don't recollect it."

"Oh, if we only knew where you are from!" and the little nurse sighed while her soft blue eyes grew misty.

"You want to get rid of me. Then some other guy'll come in and occupy this room and fall crazy in love like I did and you'll hold his hand, I mean let him hold yours, and then send him packing when you get tired of him!"

The hurt look in her eyes made him feel like a fool. At that moment the head nurse put her head around the screen and gave an order to Miss Kent while she took her place for the moment. Louis, as he was called, didn't see his little nurse again that night, and between sleeping and waking again he underwent a change of heart. He'd go and give the Grange the "once-over," seeing she was set on it. He owed her that much. He owed her a great deal more and he knew it. She had tended him zealously and had kept his courage at its highest possible point. She exhibited an interest in his welfare that was almost sisterly. The more puzzling the case the more attentive was little Miss Kent.

Aside from the deductions established by the alienists she had certain theories and hypotheses of her own. She knew, for instance, or was fairly convinced at least, that this case in room C was quite normal in every respect other than that of memory. His mind was as keen as a knife-blade. Except for the effects of gassing from which he was well on the way now to recovery, his physique was first rate. As to nationality, he might have been born in the British Isles but he hadn't lived in them much. He spoke the language of the Western Hemisphere, used its slang and betrayed its various characteristics in both speech and manner. His education may or may not have extended to a university course. In any case he was well versed in the ways of the world. His hands were not the hands of a manual toiler. He was fond of children and dogs, used no strong drink, smoked a good deal, was thoughtful by nature and yet not inactive, appeared by his general demeanor and authoritative manner to have been an officer and prior to his army life a man of affairs, probably a business head. In age he might be anywhere from twenty-eight to thirty-four. In disposition he was kindly, humorous and sincere, and his nature was ardent and upon occasion impatient. His black hair was shot with grey about the temples, his dark eyes were of an oddly penetrating quality—the eyes of one who can read character at sight. His mouth was a firm one, his teeth sound and his skin clear and of a slightly olive cast. As to the rest he was of medium height and thin and sinewy in figure and had a little habit of flexing the muscles of his right arm and feeling them with the left hand in absent-minded moments. Miss Kent wondered much about this propensity of her patient. He had had no arm wounds nor did he suffer from rheumatism.

When Lady Broughton's motor drove up to the hospital portico promptly at eleven the man in room C and little



Five things to fight

- The film on teeth.
- The germs that breed there.
- The dingy coats which film forms on the teeth.
- The starch deposits which ferment and form acids.
- The acids which attack teeth.

Pepsodent combats them all in new, effective ways. Make this ten-day test and see.

One Week Ago

those pretty teeth were clouded by a film

We ask you to see, as millions have done, what one week can do for your teeth.

Your teeth are now film-coated—clouded more or less. Combat that film in this new way, and watch results.

Then you will know a way to whiter teeth, to cleaner, safer teeth. And that knowledge may bring life-long benefits to you.

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The beauty of countless women is marred by dingy teeth. And that dinginess comes from film.

The film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, fails to end it. So the film absorbs stains, and eventually forms a cloudy coat.

That is why teeth discolor. The stain is in the film-coat, not the teeth.

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But film does more than that. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Despite the tooth brush, they have been constantly increasing. Few people have escaped them. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this great tooth enemy.

Two effective methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Today the two are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use.

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Pepsodent also meets other modern requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. This to digest the starch deposits. With modern diet, rich in starch, these often remain to form acid.

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Pepsodent twice daily stimulates the forces in a natural way. Modern research proves this necessary. In all these ways it is bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Millions of people now employ Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth. And those clean teeth mean safer teeth—protected as never before.

Every woman owes herself a test. A 10-Day Tube is offered for the purpose. Get it and see what it does.



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Film on the teeth or between the teeth may attack them during sleep. So may starch deposits. Acids form in such coats, and the acids soften the enamel.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Miss Kent were the subjects of a mutual and pleasing surprise, for at the last moment the brisk and efficient elderly nurse who had been detailed to accompany Louis to the Grange fell and sprained an ankle and the matron hurriedly sent for Miss Kent to fill her place. Louis was happy, therefore, in spite of his dread. The Grange and all its "swank" couldn't bore him now!

Lady Broughton's elderly manservant drove the car very gingerly and at slow speed. He explained that he was really a coachman—had been in the family, man and boy, all his life—and that he didn't take kindly to "machinery," but that he couldn't have allowed anybody else to come for young Mr. Rex, not he!

"And especially now you are a-comin' into your own," he added. "It's an occasion to be proud, it is!"

"But—" began Louis, uncomfortably.

"I be a bit short-sighted," admitted Mr. Criddles, "but I swear I'd a-know'd you in a mob, I would! You'll be makin' the old Grange as it used to be, sir. There's been no laughter there since—since Mr. Edward died."

Over the face of the little nurse but unobserved by Louis passed once more that slight contraction, half pity, half pain. She gazed over the lovely English landscape with an absent air, and a little sigh fluttered from her lips.

"Mr. Edward! Who was he?" asked Louis.

"He was the brother next to you, sir. Died of pneumonia, he did, in France. Mr. Claude, the oldest, was killed in 1914. You are the tenth baronet, sir."

Louis cast a whimsical look at his fair companion.

"My word!" he exclaimed sotto voce.

Miss Kent dimpled into a smile but quickly grew grave again. The soft breeze blew strands of her bright hair into her eyes and made them smart. She wished she had brought a veil. She wished—

But Louis had caught her hand. "Lady Broughton," he whispered, fatuously.

Miss Kent shook her head sternly and drew her lips together. She allowed him to retain the hand, however. That was part of her nurse's duty—to humor the patient, within reason. But awhirl in her mind lines from "The Lord of Burleigh" mingled with "And you are not the Lady Clare!"

Louis whistled cheerily. It was a good old world even though you couldn't remember further back than 1918. He pressed the hand he held and—it returned the pressure!

Lady Broughton of Cliff Grange never rose before noon. Therefore she received Louis and his nurse at once, in her boudoir.

"My son! My dear Rex!" she faltered as she tried to rise.

"A mistake I assure you, dear lady," said Louis, giving her his hand and at the same time gently pressing her back into her chair. "I came as you desired it so much; but I fear I am not your son. Look well at me."

She did so, her breath coming fast, her eyelids fluttering.

"My eyes! They are not what they once were! But your face is so like. The voice, of course, is strange. But then you were only thirteen—"

Her own voice broke with a sob. Miss Kent accepted a chair for herself from the maid and Louis also seated himself, apologizing for the fact that he was half an invalid yet.

"Do you not recognize me, Rex? Or the old place at all? Is nothing familiar?" begged the elder lady, then, greatly agitated and a little hurt perhaps at his coldness.

"But Criddles drew your attention to the stone dogs, didn't he? And the rose-terrace? You used to love the dogs so!"

Louis nodded. "I don't remember a thing," he said, dully. "I'm sorry."

"It is to be expected, I suppose, with a case such as his?" and the lady addressed Miss Kent now, who nodded silently.

"You shall have the rooms of your boyhood, Rex," said Lady Broughton, turning to him then and evidently putting some constraint into her manner to shield the emotions that threatened

to overwhelm her." Perhaps by degrees the old things will bring back that poor lost memory. The Grange hasn't changed much except that no gaiety is here any more. Outwardly everything is the same. On Monday evening we are holding a ball—a masked ball—for you. It is to celebrate your return to the old ancestral home. You may not be strong enough to dance, but you'll perhaps be too busy to dance. Everyone is mad to shake you by the hand, Rex."

"Please don't go to such bother," said Louis, uncomfortably. "I assure you it will be all for nothing. I'm not Rex. I know that much. I don't believe I ever lived in England at all."

The old lady presently dismissed them so they might have luncheon. The war evidently had forced simplicity into all forms of upper class life for the meal was plain and there were no wines served, no footmen in attendance and no formidable array of flat silver. Only the velvet-footed old butler saw to their wants.

"Good old England!" ejaculated Louis. "Hanged if I don't begin to wish she were my motherland. But—she's not."

"Try, though, to believe it. Above all, try to humor Lady Broughton. One can see her heart is wrenched," said Miss Kent.

Louis looked steadily at her. She avoided his eye.

"You're advising me against your own will and you know it," he said, triumphantly. Then softly: "But I'll do anything you say just so you'll stick round, Light-of-my-Eyes!"

"I intend to do my duty," said his nurse, firmly. "And I'm going to find out from Mr. Criddles if Rex had any scar or mole or other distinguishing mark. I'd ask Lady Broughton but she seems so distraught and her eyes are troubling her so that I hate to hint at anything like that. But I've a scheme or two of my own. I wonder, now you're here, if I could get you to betray some little thing that will give us a clue to your former life! Yes, I know you're going to tell me that the alienists have tried everything. They haven't. I've one or two cards up my sleeve."

Her first test apparently failed. Yet it didn't dishearten her. Rather, her spirits rose. Casually she had suggested a game of cricket. A couple of servants led the way to the private cricket-field adjoining the garden and when bats and balls and wickets were ready Louis looked around blankly.

"You'll have to show me," he said, with a shrug. "What are the dinky little balls for?"

"Why, Louis! You must have played this in Australia!"

"Not I! Show me a man's-size game," said Louis decidedly.

They went back to the house. They wandered here and there admiring the fountains, the flowers, the lattice windows, the ivy on the old stone walls, the peaches ripening in the warm sunshine, the terrace with its stone dogs and its rose-trellises, and at four o'clock Lady Broughton joined them at tea under the oaks. Tacitly everyone seemed to avoid the topic of Louis' memory, relying on time or some sudden surprise to hasten the devoutly-wished consummation. They spoke of the coming ball and gradually Louis became enthused. After all it would be a jolly affair and he agreed to costume himself if Miss Kent would too.

"I'm only the nurse," said that little lady in a small voice.

"You shall go as Dolly Varden," said their hostess, placing an affectionate hand on the girl's arm. "Or would you rather dress as a lady of the court of King Charles? We're having an actor up specially from London to attend to the make-up. My three nieces—Rex's cousins—are coming Saturday and the whole county, practically, will be here Monday night. Dear dear, but it will seem strange to have music and laughter in the old place once again!"

Later, Miss Kent chanced upon Mr. Criddles. The result of their talk was a demand made on Louis to remove his collar. The old servant then reported to the nurse.

"It's not there, Miss," he said, in a troubled tone.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Kent and he wondered much at her smile.

A moment or two later he heard her singing as she rambled among the roses in the quaint old garden.

"A light-hearted miss and indifferent, said the old man to himself. A pity, too, for a blind man can see the lad's fair set on her."

The morning of the ball dawned fair and the day as it wore on carried the promise of a still fairer evening. A full moon rose goldenly over the wood and a myriad stars lightened the heavens. From the sea a soft salt breeze came whispering across meadowland and park and hill. The old Grange was ablaze with light. The Ladies Maud, Millicent and Mary Grantham had duly arrived and welcomed Louis, or Rex as they believed him to be, and it had become apparent to Miss Kent that they regarded her merely in the light of an upper servant. Lady Broughton's manner, too, had undergone a perceptible change. She had been almost cordial to the little nurse on the start. She now looked through and past her and spoke to her only when obliged. The fact was she had perceived, about the second or third day, that her son (as she, too, believed him to be) was in love with his nurse. That, of course, was preposterous. She wanted Rex to marry either Lady Maud or some other high-born young woman. Perhaps—perhaps with the restoration of his mind he would forget about Miss Kent! It sometimes happened that way in cases such as his. Lady Broughton endeavored to be cheerful.

So Miss Kent wasn't dressing for the ball. She was in her room reading and shedding an occasional tear between chapters. She varied this by wondering what character of history or of romance her patient was assuming for the night. He was keeping it a secret, as most of the others would be doing, and he fondly believed she was to be present.

How splendidly he would portray D'Artagnan! Or King Louis! Or George Washington! Or Wolfe! Or Henry the Eighth! She meant to go down after a while and walk in the garden so she might obtain a glimpse of the gay scene through the ball-room windows. She had told one of the maids to tell Lady Broughton she had a headache. So her excuses were made and she went down about nine o'clock by way of a rear stairway and sought a secluded walk in the garden underneath the great old trees. Louis would search for her, of course. She knew that, and couldn't help it. Bye-and-bye she'd venture closer to the long windows of the ball-room. A number of the servants were collected there already, enjoying the music and the dresses. Little Miss Kent was quite alone in her shaded path and she was lonely, too. She reproached herself for not having attended the frolic. Many there would have shown themselves friendly to her, she knew.

The upper end of the walk ended at a stone wall, ivy-covered and shadowy. She knew this to be the wing in which the family portrait-gallery and the old chapel were and looking up she discerned a quaint window glowing crimson and topaz and amethyst from some dim light within. The clinging ivy climbed around it and even over it too. It made a very beautiful picture, essentially English.

Gay music came to her in gusts as she paced the length of the path—now loud, now very faint. Gay voices were to be heard, too, floating out to the sleeping garden. Occasionally a couple detached themselves from the merry throng and wandered out on the moonlit terraces. Every little while a great gale of laughter attested the success of some particularly good impersonator who had just arrived. Perhaps one of these favorites was Louis himself. She knew he had sent to town for his costume.

Poor Louis! Would it all end in his becoming the baronet? Yes—if she kept her lips sealed, and she would. Hers the role of renunciation. She would play her part. Oh, Louis would bring honor to the whole race of baronets and earls and other nobles. He would adorn the rank where with most other men it would be vice versa. Louis would show England what a nobleman can be. He would—

What was that? She wheeled sharply at the sound of a footfall.

In the pathway just behind her a man stood. He doffed a peak cap as she gazed. He was slim of build and wore a mustache.

"Good evening," he said with easy grace. "May I inquire what all the jollification in there is about?"

He pointed with a cane over the hedge toward the mansion.

"Are you not one of the guests?" asked Miss Kent in some surprise.

For he looked quite the gentleman in his trig tweeds.

"Not I, he returned with a laugh, eyeing her closely and apparently becoming satisfied that she was a guest. "I am here quite uninvited. It's a wonder I haven't been taken for a poacher, for I came through the park and the spinney and had the deuce of a time with the fences. Lot of new ones gone up since—but, I say, what's all the row about?"

"It's a ball in honor of—of the return of the son of the house."

The man gave a peculiar whistle.

"Son of the house!" he repeated in a puzzled tone.

"Rex Broughton. The only remaining son. He—he just came Friday."

"The deuce you say!"

"And they're killing the fatted calf, you know. It's quite an event. If you are a friend of the family why not go in?"

The man gave vent to a muttered exclamation.

"I say! You're not spoofing me, are you?" he asked, after a moment.

"Why should I do that?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Only wondered. For you see—" and she waited wonderingly—"you see I happen to be Rex Broughton myself."

Miss Kent opened her lips and then closed them again.

So that was it! A pretender had arisen, one who felt his own chances to be as good as those of Louis! Or—could he be a lunatic?

"Oh, no, I'm not crazy," he laughed, as though he had read her thought. Sheep-ranching in Australia, you know. Took no active part in the war; unfortunately couldn't. Muscular rheumatism. Have had to tote a cane for the past five years. Beastly luck. Just took a notion to come home. Didn't even know poor Edward had got his. Knew of Claude, though. I say, how's the mater?"

He asked the question with anxiety that she felt to be genuine.

"Lady Broughton hasn't been strong for years. But she's not ill. If—if what you are telling me is absolutely true—"

"Pon my honor!"

"Then I'll take you right in."

"But I say! Suppose the mater won't know me—refuses to recognize me! This other chap, now, has she accepted him?"

"Practically. Her mind has been affected a little, we think. She quite forgot that Rex had two small moles at the base of his neck. Mr. Criddles remembered—"

"Criddles! What a note! And so the old chap's still here! And look here, are the two stone dogs on the terrace yet? Jolly old dogs! Promised the wife and little ones I'd bring 'em back."

"Oh, yes, the dogs are here, though pretty well weatherbeaten, and green with mould and age," said Miss Kent eagerly. "Do let us go in. But stay! Perhaps you'd prefer going alone?"

"Good girl. Believe I would. I'll just stroll in casually. Always was fond of a dramatic entrance. A thousand thanks."

He lifted his cap once more and, turning, limped leisurely away. Miss Kent stood gazing after him lost in a flood of emotions. There was the Englishman incarnate. No fuss. No indignant queries or protests about the claims and pretences of his usurper. Cool as ice, casual and nonchalant as the English summer breeze. Metaphorically she took off her hat to Rex Broughton, tenth baronet.

And Louis was—free! That was, free to marry her, a nurse, penniless and of no particular position in life. What mattered it if he didn't know where he was or where he had come from? He was hers! She could have laughed

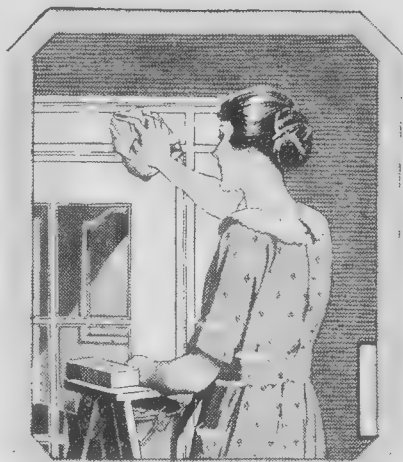
Makes the dirt let go

— all over the house



Improves every washer

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washer do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washer starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.



Brightens woodwork instantly!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go and brings back the bright fresh clean appearance to painted surfaces. Be sure to have plenty of Fels-Naptha soap for housecleaning. Order a handy 10-bar carton of your grocer.



No greasy streaks on china

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves all grease from dishes then vanishes completely, and leaves the dishes sweet and glistening. They rinse off instantly, with no trace of clinging soap to be rubbed off the dish upon the towel.



Really clean to put away!

Only that delightful clean-clothes smell is there. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens all the dirt. Then the naptha completely evaporates, carrying away all odors.

The golden bar
with the clean naptha odor



FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."



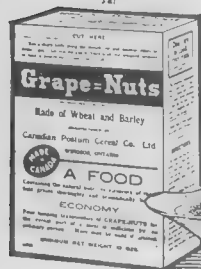
What is Naptha?

It is that powerful yet harmless dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners to cleanse safely and to freshen dainty fabrics and delicate colors. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses. Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha.

This food builds strength

Maximum nourishment with no burden to the digestion is secured from that famous food—Grape-Nuts.

The nutriment of wheat and malted barley, from which Grape-Nuts is made, builds strength and vigor—and delights the taste.



"There's a Reason"
for Grape-Nuts

Sold by
all grocers

Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name.



Thirty-four years young

THE men who make Westclox speak of the America alarm in terms of real affection. That feeling of respect has been passed along to the younger men by the old timers who helped the factory struggle through the first few years when this clock was the only Westclox made.

Today, after 34 years, it still tops the sales record. More than sixteen million Americas have made good up to date.

Big Ben, Sleep-Meter, Baby Ben and Pocket Ben all owe their success to the lessons learned in perfecting

this oldest Westclox. Do you wonder that we take off our hats to this old timer? Thirty-four years young and still true to its original policy of good, dependable service at a reasonable price.

So, wherever honest time-keeping is required, wherever economy is a consideration, you have a job for the America alarm.

Westclox on the dial of a timepiece always means Westclox construction inside the case. The six-sided orange-bordered tag will flag you from any display.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS. The Home Pattern Service goes exclusively to readers of The Western Home Monthly. It is not an elaborate and impossible service, but a simple and practical service that keeps the styles of the day before readers of The Western Home Monthly.

aloud in the excess of her gladness. She took several dancing steps in the direction of the ivy-clad wall and then halted as a wave of sound came to her from the house. It was another of those reverberations that she knew marked the entry of some extraordinarily good character in costume.

Only this—as she listened—had a sinister note. There was an absence of merriment in that great roar that went up in the ball-room of Cliff Grange. She thought she detected hoots and hissings. Could it be—but no, the real Rex had scarcely reached the other end of the walk yet.

The roar rose again. There were sounds of rushing feet, screams of women and shouts of men. A fire? Miss Kent stood momentarily rooted to the spot. What did this portend? A panic? She, a nurse, might find work for her hands! She hastened down the walk.

But the next minute the harsh grating of a window being raised stopped her. It was nearby. She glanced about her and quickly perceived that somebody had lifted the stained-glass window in the picture-gallery. A thief making his getaway!

But she stood her ground—just as in those hospital air-raids she had forgotten self, forgotten everything but her clear duty. Slim and dauntless, little Miss Kent (R.R.C. of the first class) barred the path, the only path that the thief could take if he jumped from that window!

He didn't jump, exactly. He crawled out on the ledge and catching at the tough ivy tendrils, lowered himself rapidly. He jumped the remaining ten feet or so. With beating heart the little nurse stood motionless and watched this proceeding, watched while with a hurried glance all about the fugitive ran on, half stooping till he was within three feet of her. He looked up then and saw her.

"Louis!" cried the girl, transfixed.

The window became filled with faces and forms. Voices cried out opprobrium—maledictions, taunts, jeers. Arms waved and raucous laughter and harsh threats filled the air. One or two people essayed to climb out and jump, but evidently thought better of it for they retired, contenting themselves with verbal blows.

The fugitive stood wiping a trickle of something warm and red on his cheek. There was a large bump on his brow and his upper lip was palpably swollen. He panted.

"The trouble with these English," he said vindictively, "is that they haven't a right sense of humor."

Miss Kent's eye passed rapidly over him from his glossy high boots, his torn military cape, his clanking sword, to his wasp-waisted grey-green uniform and the high-raised cap above the vizard of which, plain in the flooding moonlight, she saw an insignia formed of a skull and crossbones.

"Sense of humor!" she echoed, with a short laugh.

And now plainly from the window came the cry of:

"Näch Verdun!"

"Louis! What in the world made you—"

"Thought it'd go big! Thought I'd be the hit of the evening! That actor chap said I was—best job—he'd ever done! Even fixed my chin so it'd recede—true to type. Stuck putty on my beak—to give me—foxy look. Practised all day yesterday the foolish grin . . . Gee! And they paid me out with kicks and blows."

Louis panted his resentment thus, still dabbing at his wounds.

"Näch Verdun!" hooted the chorus above.

"Oh, Louis! And I warned you not to get over-excited!"

"I'll Verdun that gang! Why the blanked old Kaiser himself is in there strutting around like the cock o' the walk. But me, the minute I step jauntily up to shake hands with the receiving line—it's a signal for a grand attack!"

"It serves you right!" said his nurse crisply. Then: "Are—are you very badly hurt?"

"Nope. Just mad. There was one guy landed me a crack on the bean with a club of some kind. Head's aching a

bit. If this lid hadn't been a good tight fit I'd have had a fracture, likely."

"How you clung to your sword is another marvel."

"Oh, I didn't take everything lying down. I handed out a few good wallops myself. Once or twice they cornered me and I played my trusty blade a bit. Wouldn't have minded tackling three or four, but when the whole mob piled on—good-night!"

"Louis! You are hurt"—as he reeled and clutched at his head with both palms.

"All right in a minute. Feel slightly dizzy, that's all."

"Oh, the brutes! And you a convalescent, too!"

"Oh, they weren't really mad, I suppose. It was only a sort of horseplay. Is—is there a bench near?"

She caught him by one arm and led him forward. Down the walk a few feet she had seen a rustic seat.

"Chased me upstairs and down," mumbled Louis with a reckless laugh. "I broke a lot of stuff—knocked down some statuary—fell over a tall lamp—upset a tableful of china—hope they don't soak me for the damages . . . They blind-alleyed me in the picture-gallery, so I made for the window. Some jump, I'll say!"

"Oh, Louis! But to try the Clown Prince role! You might have gotten away with it in the States or Canada or even France, but not in England—at least, not in most parts of it. Even if other proof were lacking that alone shows that you aren't an Englishman, or you'd have read aright your countrymen. The Kaiser, yes; Frau Krupp too—even "Hindy" and "Ludy," but never the Clown Prince, the most generally despised worm in human form that Christendom knows! I'm afraid you'll have to remain here somewhere in the garden till I can bring you out some decent clothes."

About the middle of this rather lengthy speech—she was talking mostly to fill in the delay in locating the seat—Miss Kent felt her patient's weight growing heavier. The seat was still undiscovered. She made a final desperate effort to propel him forward, but in vain. Louis sank to the ground, an inert heap.

Miss Kent sped away for help. In ten minutes they had him on a lounge in the library.

"Slow concussion," pronounced a surgeon who happened to be among the guests. "Result of a blow from some blunt instrument. He'll probably just pass away without coming to. Find out who did this, somebody."

Miss Kent had never in all her brave young life fainted, but she came perilously near it now. Only a desperate resolve that she would fight the Grim Reaper breath for breath stayed her. So while the merry-makers soberly dispersed and the great mansion hushed itself and the night wore on gradually to dawn she worked by her charge and prayed and waited and despaired—and worked and hoped again.

And was rewarded. With the first golden sun-shaft that stole into the darkened room Louis stirred. He drew a long, luxurious breath and opened his eyes.

"Hello, sister," he said, faintly.

Then he went peacefully to sleep for two hours. When he awoke refreshed from this natural slumber he looked long and steadily at his pale, glad-eyed little nurse.

"Say! Where've I seen you before?" he demanded.

"Oh, Louis! Thank heaven!" faltered the girl with a very tremulous little laugh.

"Louis did you say? Where do you get that stuff?"

"I told you. It means 'bold warrior'," she said gently.

He considered this a moment and sent a glance round the library.

"I've got a pretty good name of my own," he observed then. "It is Alexander, meaning 'a defender.' Say, is this the colonel's dug-out?"

Miss Kent drew her breath in sharply. She leaned over and scanned his face eagerly. Slowly a great light spread over her own.

"Tell me—again—your name!" she cried.

"Eh? My name? Richardson, nurse. Alex. Richardson, late of the Richardson Mining Syndicate, Canada. Ever hear of them?"

Miss Kent stood up. She wanted to cry, to laugh, to dance about. Instead she only gazed at him in a self-contained and professional way. Her heart beat turbulently.

"Where'm I wounded? Oh, what a lump! And my lip! It weighs a ton! Was I gassed?" he demanded.

She nodded.
"Gassed and shell-shocked — and wounded, too."

"I remember now!"
"Do—do you?" And she watched him very closely.

"Sure. Last night when I led my men through the wire I got it in the head. Last thing I remember was being glad it wasn't my pitching arm. Used to be a crack baseball pitcher, nurse, if I do say it. Say! Gimme my clothes. I want to get up."

"Wait. And the ball? Do you recollect it?"

"Ball? What ball?"
"I see you don't And—me?"—very anxiously this.

"You? I've seen someone like you in dreams!"

"I'm Canadian, too"—with pride, and in a sob-caught tone.

"Shake! Yes, I've dreamed about you! And your voice has filled the dreams with music!" he declared, boyishly.

She tried to receive this impersonally. "You aren't married, are you?" he presently demanded.

"No"—with averted gaze and swiftly-beating heart.

"Nor engaged?"

"N-no."

He drew a sigh of obvious relief and sat up.

"I hope they serve good chow round here. I'm famished. We seem to have struck it pretty soft, too. What place is this? Where am I?"

His nurse turned a happy pair of eyes on him. A dimple danced about the corner of her mouth.

"Where are you? Why you've come into your own, Louis—Alexander I mean," she answered softly. "As to this place, it is Cliff Grange, Devonshire, a lovely old home and the country seat of the Broughtons. The missing heir—perhaps you've heard of him—returned only last night."

"Say! Just keep right on calling me Alexander!" said the patient, irrelevantly. "It sounds awfully good to—Alexander!"

THE MAN HE WAS LOOKING FOR

The Sydney Bulletin tells a new story of the shirker caught at his own game. It was a soldier, who said:

"Please, sergeant major, may I be excused from church parade? I am an agnostic."

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments, then?"

"No I don't."

"Not even the one about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No."

"Well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteens."

A STARTLING DISCOVERY

There is reason to believe that there may be petroleum in the English hill country and Lord Cowdray, the great British oil magnate, is beginning to bore for oil at various places in Derbyshire. While engaged in experimental boring some time ago his agent sent him in a bottle, a sample of the first crude petroleum struck. Lord Cowdray was in a hurry to go out when it arrived, and gave it to one of his men to deliver to the analyst with a note.

The servant also was in a hurry. He set out to visit his wife, and took the letter with him. Later in the evening he saw what he thought was the bottle on the sideboard, and with a guilty conscience hurried out to deliver it.

In the morning Lord Cowdray received the following telegram:

"Yours is the first find of the century. You've struck paregoric."

ACCOMPLISHED

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall

So precious in her mother's sight,
Her father's wonderchild, she grew
Each day more beautiful and bright.
They taught her, simply, what
they knew
And then, though their hearts ached,
they sent
Their darling forth for betterment.

Her hands were trained to touch the chords
And guide the bow in tuneful way;
Grave tutors watched her spoken words
(Her girlish speech must never stray!)
Great books were shown her—works sublime;
And noble paintings of old time.

And then—she died! Why say aught else?
Why say, "the flower was plucked"? "the
bird
Winged heavenward"? When men toll the
bells
Fathers and Mothers, weeping, stirred
To their hearts' depths, must call this thing
"Death," and for them it has a sting.

Friends heard, and grieved, and thought:
What good
The years and years so keenly spent
To fit the girl for womanhood,
The poignant hopes with one sole bent,
When, its bright gleam achieved, the gem
Should suddenly be wrenched from them!

But those dear parents, while they mourned
Regretted not the busy years;
They trafficked not with God; they scorned
To weigh his plans against their tears.
He would use (thus ran their comfort
thought)
Somehow the treasure she had brought!

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT"

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet
face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost
fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against
my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful
tenderness,
And fold my hands, with lingering ca-
ress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-
night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with
loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had
said;
Errands on which the willing feet had
sped—
The memory of my selfishness and
pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted
glance
Would look upon me as of yore, per-
chance,
And soften in the old familiar way—
For who would war with dumb, uncon-
scious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

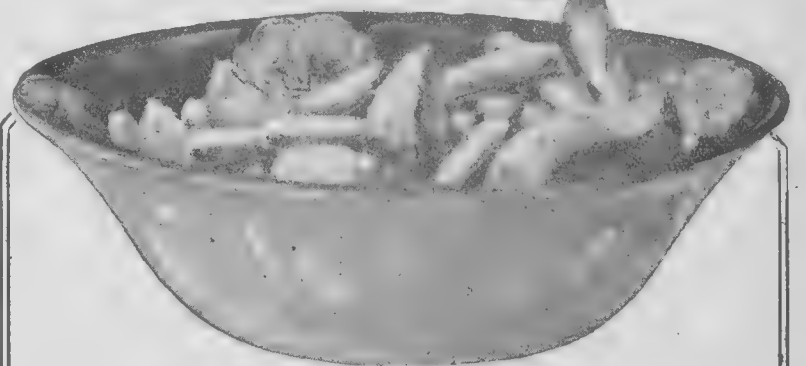
O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel them
now,
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many
a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged! forgive I
plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall
not need
The tenderness for which I long to-
night.



Like nut meats puffed

Puffed Rice is toasted
rice grains puffed to bub-
bles. Thin as tissue, frag-
ile as snowflakes. The
taste is like toasted nuts.

One delightful way of
serving is to blend with
your morning fruit.



They Want Their cereals puffed, you know

Children want Puffed Grains—no mother can doubt that. These are the food confections.

The texture is enticing—thin, flaky, flimsy, crisp. And no other process develops such flavor.

Then why not serve abundantly, morning, noon and night? There is nothing better for children than whole-grain foods thus fitted to digest.

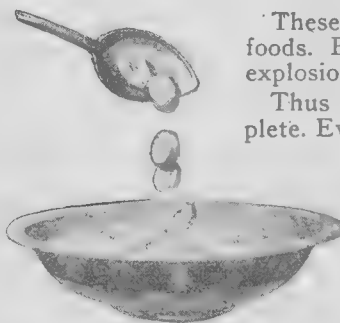
Prof. Anderson's creations

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion—over 100 million per kernel.

Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

That's the object of the process. These bubble grains are fascinating tidbits. They make whole-grain foods tempting. But, above all else, they are also the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Try melted butter on Puffed Rice some morning, instead of cream and sugar.



The milk dish as millions enjoy it

At supper or bedtime serve Puffed Wheat in milk. Nothing else makes the milk dish so inviting. Whole wheat in milk forms a practically complete food. And whole wheat in this form is wholly digestible.

Puffed Wheat

Grains puffed to 8 times
normal size

Puffed Rice

Steam-exploded grains

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



In the happy circle of Health

Children should all be members of that happy circle, where all are knit together by the joyous ties of health. There is health and protection for all in the daily use of

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

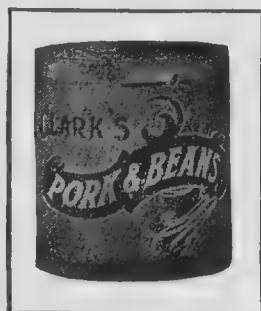
Children are always eager for their morning wash with Lifebuoy. They love the health odour—they glow with health after it's use. At night wee folk may be tired but they go to bed, refreshed and happy after a Lifebuoy bath.

The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is the sign of its splendid protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use.



More than soap, yet
Lifebuoy costs no
more.

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Headmaster

The Man Who Was Brilliant

By W. R. Gilbert.



WHEN it rains in Cottonchester there are no half measures about it. On a certain night in early spring, it poured in torrents, beating against the windows of a certain little red-brick villa in the suburbs as if it had some special grievance against the inhabitants.

Inside, by the cosy fire in the small dining-room, with its quite ordinary furniture and pictures, sat the wife of the Man who was Brilliant, awaiting his coming, and darning his socks—incidentally.

Nobody would have called her pretty—at present. If she had worn the right kind of clothes, and done her hair in a more becoming way, there might have been cause for somebody to have done so, for her eyes were big and full of intelligence—when they were roused into interest, that is—and her hair was thick and soft and brown.

Just now, however, it was strained back from her forehead unbecomingly, and plaited unevenly and untidily into a pigtail for the night; and she was wearing an ancient dressing-gown that, if warm and serviceable, was all wrong in color, and disguised the pretty lines of her figure completely.

She pulled the needle through the heel of the last sock with a sigh of satisfaction, and "fastened it off" neatly. It wasn't that darning socks, or anything else of the kind, was to her taste in the least—it merely happened that she looked like it—and had been chosen for her domestic virtues.

That is where so many mistakes in life begin. It had seemed to be her lot in life, her sock-darning propensities, and she simply accepted it as destiny—a thing that was utterly unavoidable.

But beneath it all, nobody guessed the other things she was capable of, if only her chance had come.

Domesticity is all very well; she accepted it as a wifely duty, but it had palled long ago, and she wanted much more of life, color, individuality, movement—something to give color and tone to existence; to do something worth while, in short.

So far she had only dreamed of it, but she felt capable of much more than sitting in the background—a sort of figurehead of the menage, whose mission it was, day in and day out, to cook and mend and look after the affairs of the household generally, and to admire from a distance the "climbing" of her brilliant husband in particular.

How he would have laughed at those dreams of hers! Scoffed at them! Therefore she never mentioned them to him.

He was clever—already in the world of journalism he had made a small reputation for himself—and he was ambitious.

But though there was a touch of real genius here and there in some of his ideas, there was a "something" wanting about most of his work—the spark of "divine fire" to make it real, vital; only he couldn't see it himself. He meant to climb high mountains, but there were many "small pebbles" on the way up, over which he stumbled awkwardly.

In short, he was not quite "brilliant" enough to reach the mountain-top—alone.

His wife glanced at the clock which announced that it was close on midnight. Usually he managed to leave the office of the "Leader" by eleven or so.

She put away her work with a sigh presently, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze.

"Press Club!" she muttered to herself, and began to muse as she sat there.

How different it had been years ago, when they had been first married! But that was before he had grown so full of ambition—so content to leave her on the road of "the past."

Nobody realized things more poignantly than she did. He was drifting further and further along that road; soon he would have turned the corner, out of sight.

She shivered as she heard his key at last in the lock, but she rose hurriedly and went into the kitchen near by, to fetch the supper she had been keeping hot for him, while he was taking off his coat in the hall.

"Well," he said, coming in presently, "what have you got there—stewed steak? Rather a heavy thing to go to bed on, isn't it? Good Lord! how tired I am, fagged to death."

He threw himself down in the most comfortable chair—while she bustled about—and watched her with knitted brows.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly. "It's what was left over from dinner, and had to be used up. One must economize during this war-time."

He shrugged. "Economize," he echoed testily. "How sick I am of the term! Seem to be hearing it morning, noon and night these days. How can a chap write—turn out his best, d'you think, when he is surrounded on every side by petty make-shifts?"

She flushed, and in spite of disadvantages as to attire, looked almost pretty.

But he wasn't thinking of her, so he noticed nothing.

"If only I'd passed the medical examination as to physical fitness," he went on, after a pause, as he sat down to the dainty little meal she had taken such trouble to prepare, "I should have been gaining my spurs as a war correspondent by this time, and valuable experience, into the bargain."

She was pretty well used to these tirades nowadays, so she merely listened patiently.

"I've finished the play today," he said presently.

She turned to him eagerly.

"Oh?" she said.

He nodded.

"Tomorrow I'm sending it in to the local repertory theatre. It ought to stand a good chance, especially as I know Edwards, their reader, pretty well. He'll be interested. So that if it reaches the actual hands of the management eventually—why, my fortune's as good as made."

"Have you shown it to anyone?" she inquired, looking at him a little wistfully. He never discussed the "working out" of any of his ideas with her, of course—his little, ordinary wife, who had lived buried in the country until he had married her, and whose knowledge of life was only that gained from the narrow limits of her own experience. How on earth could she possibly have understood or helped him?

He frowned at her question.

"Well," he said, "I let Hudson run through it this afternoon—not that I shall be guided by anything he said, of course, but he's supposed to be rather a clever sort of chap; he's the leader-writer, you know, and goes in for play-writing on his own. They made rather a fuss about that one-act thing of his which was put up at the Diadem last year. Awful rot, I thought it; but it hit the public taste, somehow, and the management's. So I let him have a look at 'The Invaders,' as he asked."

"What's he say?" she inquired curiously.

The Man who was Brilliant rose from the table and laughed confidently once more.

"Didn't seem struck on it," he said easily. "But that's only what one might expect. Professional jealousy, y'know. Awful lot of that sort of thing going about."

"But what faults did he find exactly?" she persisted.

Her husband was taking off his boots complacently, and thrusting his feet into warmed slippers that had just been taken from the fender.

"Faults? Oh, purely imaginary ones, of course! Says the first act's all right, but the second and third want pulling to pieces, and that the last is forced, and the result is an unnatural ending."

"However," he went on, "I know when an idea is good and when it's merely rotten, and when it's decently worked out. Given a chance, it will

mean the making of my future. And now I think we'll get off to bed. I'm dead tired."

The play from the pen of the Man who was Brilliant met with the usual reception at the hands of the various managers to whom it was sent.

And life in the little red-brick villa became more and more difficult each day; and each night the Man who was Brilliant stayed later and later at the Press Club.

"The Invaders" grew crumpled and "travelled" looking—and its success grew less and less likely.

The author was fast developing into a discontented man with no aim in existence—who fretted and grew irritable in the constant strain after the unattainable. Long hours—the result of half the staff having left to serve their country in France—and the journeying to and fro in torrents of rain did their worst at last, and he came home one day shivering and bright-eyed.

"Better send for the local medico," he told his wife grimly. "I'm fairly in for it—'flu,' I fancy."

It was something infinitely worse than "flu," however; for weeks she fought bravely with a particularly virulent attack of pneumonia—and won.

It would be a considerable time before he was able to go back to the office, the doctor said.

Nobody guessed from her calm exterior what she endured—the fear and dread that lay behind the smile on her lips whenever she was at his bedside—the many doubts and plans behind those serene brown eyes of hers.

As for her husband, he took everything as a matter of course, with here and there a mild grumble, but seldom, if ever, a hint that he was conscious of all that she did for him.

"Have a nurse in," advised the little doctor, one day at the beginning of things.

They could have managed to afford the nurse quite well; she had been careful, and had saved a little, but she shook her head decidedly.

"My husband would hate a stranger about him," she said.

"You're doing too much," grumbled the doctor, who had very far-seeing eyes. "He'd get used to it."

But she remained firm.

Convalescence was a slow business. In vain she brought great fragrant bunches of spring flowers into his room, tried to talk to him of passing events of interest, to coax him into something of his old enthusiasm for work.

"He wants something to rouse him," said the doctor, going out one morning. "He'll never make strides at this rate—doesn't seem to have any inclination to buck up."

The thing to "rouse" him happened that afternoon. She found the letter on the mat in the little hall just after mid-day, and carried it into his room.

"I wish to heaven you'd remember to lower that blind," he began testily, as she appeared.

"Cyril," she said, "here's a letter from a London theatre for you."

He took it from her and turned it over, looked at the postmark thoughtfully, and slit the envelope open listlessly.

"Wonder what now," he began, and then his mouth opened.

"Somebody," he said slowly, "has passed on 'The Invaders' to the manager of the Majestic, in town. I sent it to the Duke of Lancaster's—it's—accepted—going to be produced at once—at once! Think of it—and look at the terms he offers!"

He sat upright, propped upon one pillow, his eyes bright with new life.

"Don't you realize what it means for me?" he queried irritably. "It's to be produced in London; and they—they want me to send 'em something else as soon as I can. What a chance! But I always knew the fools who turned it down were flinging away something they'd give their ears to have the handling of one of these days; always said it was good, you see."

"Of course it's good," said his wife calmly, busy readjusting the blind. "You'll have to get well now quickly, so that you can set to work on something else, won't you? And now you'd better have your beef-tea."

She set a cup of steaming liquid on the table nearby him and turned to make up the fire.

An exclamation of intolerance left the Man who was Brilliant.

"Heavens!" said he, "what on earth are you made of? I am telling you that at last the critical point in my career has arrived—somebody with the necessary brains has at length recognized my gift. And all the sympathy you are capable of is to remind me that it is 'time for my beef-tea!'"

But she didn't wait to hear the rest; she left her brilliant husband to finish to expansive silence, and slipped away without a word.

"The Invaders" was produced to rounds of enthusiastic applause in three weeks' time—a preliminary venture. The author wasn't nearly well enough to go up for the production and had to be content to read the letters and telegrams of enthusiastic congratulations that literally poured in.

There was not the slightest doubt about it; press and public were undivided in their judgment and the play was a gigantic success, having hit a timely nail upon the head. It was the thing discussed at dinner-parties and "at homes"; mentioned at the public meetings where it was the duty of those in the limelight, pro tem, to stir up the flagging patriotism of young Britain.

"Go!" they said, these older and wiser and braver men who were too old to serve their country with a sword. "Go and see 'The Invaders' if you get the chance, and learn your lesson."

And the British Empire began to feel it owed a small but considerable debt of gratitude to the author of the play for his aid in a revival in recruiting.

The piece was to run for three weeks in London to get into shipshape order, and was then to be taken to New York for a three months' run, afterwards coming back to The Majestic where it was expected to have a record season.

In America it was launched amid enthusiasm, and by the time the Man who was Brilliant got quite well, there was a snug little amount lying to his credit in the bank.

His wife saw less of him than ever; he was very near that corner—the bend in the road of their lives when he would be hidden entirely from her sight now. She waited expectantly, knowing each day brought it inevitably nearer her.

And at last things reached the climax. He came in whistling blithely.

"I want you to pack up things," said he, standing in the little unpretentious drawing-room that once he had planned out—with her—in those first days, and which he had been as proud of and satisfied with as if it had been a room in the King's palace. "I'm off to town—for some time."

Her lips quivered.

"But what about your regular work?" said she.

"Oh, I've chucked that up!" he said coolly. "I talked it over with Magnus some weeks ago. He agrees with me—I'm wasting my time here. I must get in touch with the right people; live in the proper atmosphere. It means so much in a case like mine."

He had turned away carelessly.

"Well," she said cheerfully, "hadn't I better see about writing for our rooms?" He always left her to see to all practical arrangements.

He busied himself with the turning over of a collection of correspondence on his desk, and answered without looking at her.

"I—I shall have to go up alone," he said, in a would-be natural voice. "Can't drag you there with no settled plans, y'know, and I—I want absolute freedom and quiet, to finish the new play, you know. Afterwards, when—when things get shaken down, and I've had time to look around, I shall—er—I shall send for you, of course. You—you'll be all right, eh?"

She straightened her shoulders suddenly.

"Oh, yes," she said, slowly. "I shall be quite all right."

It was raining when he left. As usual, he kissed her, a trifle shamefacedly, and hurried off.



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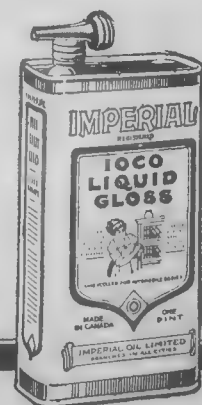
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Perhaps conscience dogged his heels during those last few moments in her presence. As for her, she watched him go, through a mist, following him right to the end of the road; but he never looked back.

Time sped swiftly. The Man who was Brilliant made many new friends; and, amongst them, a woman, who counted for much.

She, too, was brilliant, as far as personality went; wore beautiful clothes and was as beautiful herself as a gorgeously plumaged bird.

The latest "fions" were her craze. She had seen and admired "The Invaders," and now she had taken a theatre and was prepared, having a fortune to gamble with, to launch the author's new play.

He was lunching with her at her flat two days before the production, tete-a-tete. They had been watching a rehearsal all the morning—an exhibition

which had torn his nerves to shreds.

"Suppose," he said gloomily, "it should be a failure?"

"Absurd boy!" she said playfully, "Why should it? You know everything that will just suit the taste of the theatre-going public at this critical juncture. I've every confidence in you, though I don't profess to be a judge of plays. Look at your wonderful success with 'The Invaders'."

He smiled at her rather absently.

"The thing is—is this as good as 'The Invaders'? And it's always touch-and-go with a play. It may have been that the acting had a good deal to do with my last success. I don't know; I've not seen it played yet, you see. I'm curious, as a matter of fact, to witness it when they reopen the Majestic on Monday week. Something tells me this is not as good, some way. Lord! how those fools garbled it today."

"It'll be all right," she told him

soothingly. "They'll flock to the theatre to see it simply because you've written it. And, of course it's good! Why shouldn't it be?"

"I don't know," he said, fidgeting restlessly. Then he turned to her, and held that hand of hers tightly in his.

"If only," he said, "we—you and I—had met long ago, Eileen! What a difference! My wife—I've told you all about her—is incapable of anything outside the domestic groove, and that's not enough to hold a man of my temperament. She's utterly incapable of entering into my work; the things that interest me mean just everything."

She let her hand lay passive in his, and avoided his eyes.

"Need we—discuss her?" she said at length, meeting them squarely. "Let's be happy; leave her out of the question."

Going to the small furnished flat he rented for the time being, later on that day, he found a letter from his wife.

He tore it open with a frown.

It was calm, full of little scraps of local news that didn't interest him in the least—of her doings in general.

"I see," she wrote, "that 'The Invaders' is to be put on in London, a week next Monday."

"As you say they don't wish you to attend rehearsals, I suppose you'll see it for the first time then? When are you going to settle about letting me come up to you? I think a little house would be nicer than a flat, but we shall have to talk it over."

"I hope you are wearing that warm muffler under your coat this horrible weather. You need to be so careful after your illness."

The letter fluttered from his fingers.

"Well," he muttered, "she'll have to be told that it's no use her coming at all. I could never stand that life all over again. From tonight I start afresh—and she has no place in the scheme of things."

He switched off the light and betook himself to bed impatiently.

But the fact that he was known to the public already as the author of "The Invaders" was not enough. The new play, in short, was a dismal failure.

The audience grew bored, and the critics yawned behind their programs long before the end of the first act—and kept it up till the end of the last.

There was silence in the stalls with the exception of a little band of those personally interested; "boos" and hisses from the gallery and pit, and—its fate was sealed in the eyes of everyone.

The Man who was Brilliant was miserable—furious at having failed—and sought the Woman who Mattered for comfort.

"I can't make it out!" he said wearily. "And I had set so many hopes on this—for you. But—oh, my dear, you will inspire me now; give me the power to write what I'm capable of—in Sicily. We shall weave a play between us; something that will make the fools who sit in judgment eat their words!" (One or two critics had already voiced their opinions loud enough for him to hear in the theatre that night.) But his companion drew back with a laugh.

"My dear boy, you're laboring under some delusion. I'm going to Sicily, but alone. Last night, yesterday, the day before, we talked a lot of nonsense under the moon as we walked home from the theatre. The moon is responsible for much nonsense being talked in this world. But—oh, no, my dear, I am a much wiser woman than that! And—I have my reputation to consider. You—you have the unhappy knack—peculiar to the artistic temperament, I believe—of taking things and people much too seriously. And—will you please ask them to call me a taxi?"

The Man who was Brilliant was dressing, gloomy-eyed, to attend the first performance of "The Invaders" when the front door bell trilled. He had just got to the arranging of his tie—an awkward business at the best of times. The outer door opened and shut, and footsteps came towards his bedroom door.

"I'm engaged, Parker!" he called to the maid.

But the door opened quietly.

He turned angrily.

"What the—"

Then he stopped. It was his wife, but how changed!

She wore the smartest of costumes and furs, a becoming hat, and somehow she had grown pretty, and she looked ten years younger.

"Surprised to see me?" she said. "There's been no letter from you for a week, and I kept thinking you were ill—you're no good at looking after yourself. And, Cyril, I've come to help you find that little house I want. What d'you think about Barnes, or Chiswick, or Kew?"

"I don't know," he said, in a queer, helpless sort of way.

"Have I time to dress?" she added.

"I've brought up a frock, of course."

"Dress?" he asked stupidly, still staring at her. "Why?"

"I'm coming with you," she answered briskly.

(Continued on page 31)

Milestones



Rah! Rah! Rah!

IT will be a wonderful day for your boy when he begins College, all the world before him rosy with hopes! The end of "apron strings," however gently they led him; the beginning of manhood and its responsibility of independent decision!

In spite of madcap "Freshman" pranks ahead, your son will soon be a man. He is starting on his Great Adventure, and the ideals he carries with him from home will be the beacon-light to guide him along the untried paths he must tread.



Strengthen the grip of those ideals by linking them with something tangible as a reminder. Help him to live up to the safe principle of filling every hour with its measure of work or play by marking his milestone with that significant gift—an Elgin Watch.

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GIFTS THAT LAST

Music in the Home

SEEING STORIES IN MUSIC

The spiritual effect of music is the accepted idea among all people. It uplifts the listener—it creates a mood of joy or sorrow or anxiety or anger. But the intellectual effect:—here is where we come to the big idea. Music makes ideas and communicates them from musician to listener. Instead of using words—notes and combinations of notes are employed. These notes are capable of making any story or play or picture and where the great composers are understood it is seen that they are also novelists, story-writers; dramatists and even motion picture makers. There is nothing mysterious about this idea; nothing to worry you or make you annoyed that you cannot understand it. Ask any violinist to imitate the crying of a baby—it is the easiest thing in the world. Ask him to play a laugh, a sigh, a moan, a fretting sound. Ask the pianist to represent for you the playing of chimes, the shriek of an engine, the rumble of thunder. Ask the harpist to play the sound of a breeze rustling the trees, the sound of a mountain brook, the whisper of fairies. Ask the clarinet player to represent a shepherd call, the lowing of cattle, the sob of an old man. So you will understand that in music instead of describing ideas and action, as with words, the thing itself is actually reproduced in symbols. Thus when you hear a certain composition and this idea has gained upon you, will you discover that you are actually seeing the story, the play, the description. Once the average man gets this thought with him, music becomes a different world. When he realizes that the music he is about to hear, contains a message which he can understand and interpret in his own way of thinking, music then becomes what it ought to be now—the nearest and dearest method of being entertained and educated. He sees that he has the key to the whole situation. He wants to find the story in music.

DALCROZE SYSTEM OF MUSIC RHYTHM

A scientific demonstration of the "Dalcroze system of Eurhythmics" was recently held in Queen's Hall, London, England. A group of twenty children, all comparatively unskilled from the musical point of view, sat tailor-wise on the stage. They were told to shut their eyes tightly so that they could not see one another, and to beat time with their hands and sway their bodies to the time that was being played. In other words, they were to put their own interpretation on what they heard. The results were most interesting. To one child the tune meant peace; to another it conveyed something more measured, like the steady beat of a grandfather's clock. A third contrived to double the time and give a dance-like effect to the music. Now if these children were trained musicians, their interpretations would not have been so widely different. They were just beginners of the system of rhythmic expression. And rhythm being the soul of music, Dalcroze played upon this to make children take more interest in their music.

MUSICAL ATMOSPHERE OF SPAIN

The musical activity of Spain is not yet so deeply rooted in its spirit and its customs that it can be considered a fundamental part of intellectual life. The history of its evolution is therefore nothing but a series of expansions and contradictions—an irregular curve from abundance to poverty and back again. At present, Madrid is enjoying a period of wealth, but it is only a few years since the musical season of the Spanish capital was reduced to six orchestral concerts and a meagre operatic repertory at the Teatro Real. If some artists ventured upon the risky terrain of chamber music, it was against the interest of their purse and those of their impresario. For this reason the Sociedad Filarmónica—a society of amateurs—was founded, the object being to provide an opportunity to hear annually a number

of concerts made up of string quartettes, piano pieces and songs. The orchestra of the society, "Orquesta Sinfonica," inherited the fine traditions of the "Sociedad de Conciertos," which flourished in a period of greater musical brilliance, but whose glory faded with the first years of the century because of economic reasons and for the fact that its theatre house was burned. The early Conciertos orchestra was directed by the best conductors of Europe. German and Italian music was played, while Spanish music waned, and the younger native composers fell into desuetude. Music thus lost its appeal until the close of the war, but now Spain is again asserting herself musically.

IRELAND'S MUSICAL FESTIVALS

Ireland, despite her preoccupation with political troubles, never forgets her songs. The national folk music of ancient tradition and modern art-music are cultivated side by side at her competition festivals, and this fact was amply proven at the 'twenty-fifth annual "Feis Ceoil," held a month ago in Dublin. Under conditions that were far from being felicitous, the executive committee of this national organization was able to carry on the admirable work begun a quarter of a century ago in Dublin. A direct result of that work is the foundation of a similar festival in Belfast, though the Northern Festival makes a less conspicuous effort to preserve the national music. Dublin is, naturally, keener on this point, and provision is made for competitions in all the branches of traditional or pseudo-traditional art. Thus there are classes for solo singing in Irish, choral singing, vocal quartettes and various grades of instrumental playing—small Irish harps, Irish pipes and Irish fiddle. In the last-named class, competitors were told that "traditional playing only would be accepted"—a style of playing, more highly organized than at first appears to those who have only had academic training—the system of fiddler's keys being an elaborate and interesting one.

THE LIFE-BOAT

By Mary E. Bradley

The light of life was fading
Out of our darling's eyes,
As the golden glow of sunset
Fades in the summer skies.
With tears of silent anguish
We gathered around his bed,
Hushing our sobs to listen
To the strange, sweet words he said.

"There is the Life-boat coming,"
He cried, at the last, "for me!"
And the wonderful light that never
Shone upon land or sea,
Filled with a sudden glory,
We had not beheld before,
Those tender eyes that were closing
To open on earth no more.

Over the awful River
That lies so dark between
Our mortal eyes and the heaven
No mortal eyes have seen,
All in the golden sunset
Of that sweet summer day,
The life-boat bore our darling
Far, so far, away.

We could not see it coming,
And our ears were dull to hear
The voices that were calling,
When he answered loud and clear.
But the while our tears and kisses
Rained on his pallid hand,
We knew he had reached already
The shores of the beautiful land.

We knew that his soul no longer
Stood in the shadow of pain,
That the cross he had borne so bravely
Would never be borne again;
And all in our yearning of sorrow
We gave God thanks, and prayed
We too might greet the Life-boat
With a heart as undismayed.



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THE PHILOSOPHER

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Among the recent books worth while which have come to the Philosopher's table is the United States and Canada, written by George M. Wrong, Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and published in the United States. It is a book addressed primarily to United States readers; and is made up, in the main, of lectures and addresses which Professor Wrong delivered, by invitation, in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other cities in the United States in 1920, when the League of Nations was being discussed so warmly by the politicians, the newspapers and the public generally in that country. The remarkable misconceptions which prevail in the United States about Canada's status and system of government are an old story. But it is little short of amazing that such ignorance in this regard should prevail in the United States Senate as was manifested in the speech of one Senator, which Professor Wrong quotes in his book. That gentleman actually argued that "Canadians are not a free people." When there can be ignorance so crude in the atmosphere of the United States Senate it is not remarkable that there should be misconceptions about Canada among the mass of the people. Professor Wrong's book is admirably designed to do away with those misconceptions, and furnish right information to take their place. But how many hundreds out of the millions of people in the States will read Professor Wrong's book? Let us hope that every such agency of enlightenment will be a continuing source of knowledge spreading ever wider and wider.

TOO MUCH ONESIDEDNESS.

During the past two years The Philosopher has read carefully a considerable number of books dealing with the economic, social, and political problems of the present time of reconstruction following the World War, which have been published since the War ended. Of most of these books, if not all, it is truly to be said that no thoughtful, fairminded reader of them can fail to be struck by the sincerity and earnestness of their writers. But it is no less true of a great many of these books that they are lacking in constructive value. This is equally true of many of the books which are to be classed as being on the radical, progressive side, as it is of many of the books which oppose radical, progressive ideas and policies as dangerous. The doctors on both sides agree that human society is seriously ill, as they crowd round its bedside. And from their different points of view they have a great deal of explanation of their opinions, convictions and beliefs in regard to the causes of its illness. But what human society needs is not the apportioning from this doctor's and that doctor's point of view of the blame for its illness, but help in curing that illness. On one side there are some writers who denounce the possessing classes as greedy and self-blinded to the demands of social justice; on the other side there are some writers who denounce the wage-earning classes as envious, "bitterly vindictive," as one writer expresses it, regardless of the claims of social justice. Human nature, at its best, is full of faults. But is either side on this sort of controversial warfare likely to do much for progress and welfare and for human betterment generally by expatiating eloquently and with earnest force on the faults and shortcomings of the other side?

REORGANIZING HUMAN KIND.

One of the most serious defects in the books of H. G. Wells, as in the writings of other thinkers of the present time who like him are hard at work planning out re-organization of "this world of human-kind," is that so long as they are dealing with present facts they are, for the most part, extraordinarily clear-sighted and keen-minded, but when they begin to use the plans and specifications for the reorganization of human institutions, they are like a child with a new toy, who is trying to invent a new game. Their books (and this is strikingly true of the book of Mr. Wells) are brilliantly written, rich in incisive remarks, illuminating metaphors and vivid descriptions of the perils which now seem to overwhelm the world. Up to a certain point their vision is clear; but when they began to frame their proposals for safeguarding the world from the impending perils which they picture, they are hopelessly adrift on a sea of theories, out of sight of human actualities. They assume that the peoples of all the nations can be rapidly moulded into acquiescence with their proposals; they disregard the lessons of history, which make it plain that it would take generations to bring into operation effectively the theoretic plans to avert the perils which these writers declare most strenuously to be immediate and imminent. Moreover, they ignore some of the most menacing problems which the twentieth century will have to solve, such as (to name only one) the world problem of "the rising tide of color" presented by Japan (to mention only that country). Too many of these plans and

specifications would require for their being carried out the possession of certain qualities in humankind, the absence of which creates the problems which these plans and specifications are designed to solve. It is just as if a philosopher were to announce that he had devised a way of preventing a recurrence of famine in India ever again, and when his proposal came to be examined, it was found to be the plans and specifications for a sausage-machine capable of turning out many hundreds of pounds of sausage an hour.

A MATTER OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

A reader of the Western Home Monthly sends a letter expressing indignation that "in the schedule of information, about every man, woman, and child in Canada which is being filled in by the Dominion Census Board this year, there is no recognition of Canadian Nationality." He is referring, of course, to the "Racial Origin" question in the list of questions which every one is required by law to answer. The census of Canada is taken every tenth year, in the year which ends with one. This is the sixth census since the Dominion was formed. Surely it ought to be pretty nearly time that our National Canadian Census took cognizance of the fact that there is such a thing in the world now as a Canadian Nationality. The "Racial Origin" question requires that every citizen of Canada who is a Native of Canada must trace his ancestry back as far as he can and describe himself as a hyphenated Canadian. He must label himself with a double-barreled national name, the first half being that of the nation in Europe to which he can trace back his paternal ancestry, and the second half of the label being "Canadian." What about his maternal ancestry? The omission of that is surely a serious flaw, if the design is to get on record the actual racial origins of the people. Moreover, it is a lamentable failure to recognize and honor Canadian Mothers. The Government's immigration records keep track of the racial origins of the immigrants coming into the country; this is necessary, in order that the numbers of non-English-speaking people coming to live in Canada may be known. But why should people who are Native Canadians and whose ancestors for generations have been Native Canadians, have to describe themselves otherwise than as Canadians? When is the time going to come when a native-born Canadian man or woman will be classed in our National Canadian Census returns as a Canadian?

SUNDRY PARTICULARS

The reader will have guessed by this time that the Literature of Business is bound as it deserves to be, durably and attractively.

It has a very readable introduction; an appended bibliography which contains an exhaustive list of the best books for the (young) business man; and five hundred and six pages of intervening inspiration.

Altogether, it is a very real book and yet it is priced as other books are. Since, however, its purchase will prove not an expense, but an investment, you will not need enlightenment as to the cost.

BUSINESS IDEALS

Nothing has impressed me more than this: Get to the top of a big business enterprise, and nine times out of ten you will find an idealist.

You will find a man who has long since ceased to be interested in mere money-making, who is staying in business because of what he wants his business to do for his employees, his community, and his country.

I do not say that Business is perfect. Far from it, but I do say that the time is past when the young man who goes into business needs to feel that he is making a selfish choice—a choice that cuts him off from his fellow men.

THE WORLD A UNIT

The world is in great measure becoming a commercial unit. The eye of every business man must be far-seeing enough to observe all markets and survey all zones. A significant word spoken in any market place or parliament of the world instantly reaches the modern business man, and he should be prepared correctly to interpret its meaning.

Electricity has annihilated the geographies, for it has destroyed the distinctions which gave geographical boundaries their significance. Political distinctions will continue to live, languages and religions will continue to differ, but the peoples of the earth, regardless of political boundaries, of racial differences, of national ambitions, are coming rapidly to form one great commercial unity, one economic organism. There are no tariff walls against capital. The language talked by money is a universal tongue. The modern business leader, therefore, more than was ever the

case before, needs a mind educated to think clearly, needs the ability accurately to trace effect to cause, and needs the training that will enable him to understand the true relation between far-separated conditions and widely diverse influences.—

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT

One great realizable ideal for our people is to discourage mere law honesty. It is necessary to have good laws and to have them well enforced. But the best laws and the most rigid enforcement will not by themselves produce a really healthy type of morals in the community. In addition to the law and its enforcement we must have the public opinion which frowns on the man who violates the spirit of the law even although he keeps just within the letter.—

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Show me a "tired business man" and you will show me at the same time one who is not playing the game of life according to the rules, one who is "laying down" on his job, one who has not his soul in his work. For example: The hustling young fellow who walks fifteen miles a day during the first part of the month collecting rents in tenement houses does not get one half as "tired" as the young fellow who is of the same age and walks ten miles a day looking for a job, while he is haunted by the fear of not getting one.

The man of thirty-five who is launching a new business and is confident of its growth and success, will do joyfully twice as much work in a day as another man of thirty-five who has surrendered himself to the idea that he will be nothing but a bookkeeper for the rest of his life, and that he hates the work of bookkeeping. The day you are promoted you can "eat up" the work which, when you were on a smaller salary, you felt was grinding you down to nothing.—

TACTFUL LETTERS

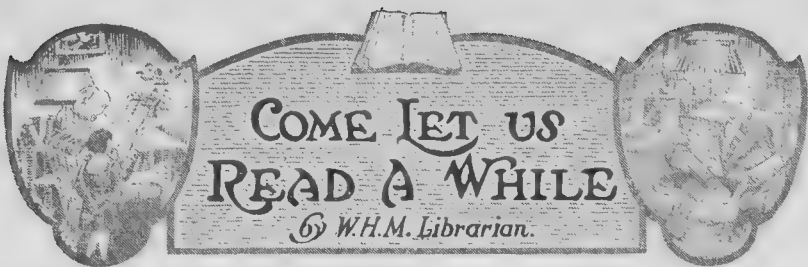
Trouble cases deserve a thorough and liberal proposal for immediate adjustment. The letters bearing upon them should be clear, short, sympathetic, and courteous, but strictly to the point. A man who is in trouble must be helped out of it quickly. Quite the opposite is the case where it becomes necessary to educate patiently a customer who hasn't been able to use something bought of you on account of its complications. He is entitled to a technical description, together with detailed instructions, and last, but not least by any means, to an assurance that you want him to write again provided he has any further trouble. You could not do justice to such a man in a short letter.—

MOB LAWLESSNESS

There is some encouragement in the fact that the number of lynchings in the United States in 1920, that number being 61, was approximately 25 per cent less than in the preceding year. There is food for thought, however, in the published statement that the number of imminently threatened lynchings prevented by the constituted authorities was 56. Unhappily it is too often true that local authorities, especially in the South, where the victims of lynch law are almost exclusively black men, are more obedient to mob clamor than they are to their oaths of office. Of the lynchings in 1920 there were 52 in the South and 9 in the North. Of the victims 53 were negroes, and three of these are accounted for in the disgraceful affair at Duluth.—

IN REGARD TO WEEDS

Probably the most spectacular loss to which the Western Canadian farmer is annually subjected is the loss from weeds. Weeds rob the soil of moisture, crowd out the crop, impoverish the land, hinder tillage, increase the expense of working the land, diminish the value of the farm, greatly increase the cost of binder twine and of threshing, increase the freight charges, lessen the yield, and reduce the value of the crop per bushel. If some hitherto unknown menace equal to weeds in the loss it caused, were suddenly to come into being and threaten our agriculture, the farmers would simply be frantic with alarm. The comparative unconcern over weeds is due simply to familiarity with them—a familiarity, however, which does not lessen the loss one whit because of the indifference which familiarity breeds.



ABOUT AUTHERS AND THEIR BOOKS.

Marie Corelli, the English novelist, whose latest book, "Love of Long Ago," has just been published, is a woman of many gifts. An author and musician of unusual talent, famed alike for her beauty and her erudition, Miss Corelli is one of the picturesque personages in contemporary English literature. Of Italian and Highland Scotch parentage, she was adopted in infancy by Charles Mackay, a distinguished song writer and litterateur, and was educated in a French convent where her talent for music was discovered and trained. Her first venture in literature, "A Romance of Two Worlds," was instantly successful and brought the young writer such fame that she determined to make authorship her career. Book after book followed the first one, many of them as well known on this continent as in England. Miss Corelli lives in Stratford-on-Avon in a historic old dwelling set in flower gardens of great beauty. Flowers and her collection of rare books are Miss Corelli's greatest delight, and her fondness of them is reflected in many of her stories.

DOUGLAS DURKIN BACK FROM THE STATES.

After a stay of almost a year across the border, Douglas Durkin, author of "Cherry McBain" is once more upon home soil. He has spent a short time in Toronto with his publishers finishing up the details of his new book for fall publication. The plot of "The Lobstick Trail" (the title of this new novel) is laid in Manitoba, in country where the author himself made a most unusual trip, and among other things, the book takes in the famous Dog Derby at

Le Pas. Mr. Durkin is planning another trip into the Peace River Country this summer, where he will secure new and never-before-touched material for a number of serials and perhaps another book. He is now again at home in Winnipeg.

STRIKING PARAGRAPHS IN ALEXANDER BLACK'S BOOK.

In Alexander Black's new novel, "The Seventh Angel," we find many paragraphs most significant of a certain contemplative tone which runs through the whole book. For instance Sidney Maxton's contribution to a discussion of the modern radical: "Maybe I sometimes think of that radical of Nazareth who never lost his bearing -- who taught individualism and who 'rendered unto Caesar', who preached without a church, but refused to have the temple insulted, who hated theft, though he yielded the ultimate promise to the suffering thief; who saw life as a fellowship, yet was ready to do his dying alone."

A NEW BOOK BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

The publishers announce on their Fall list a new book by Hopkins Moorhouse, one of the young modern Canadian authors now making names for themselves in all parts of the country. His last book "Everyman for Himself" was a rollicking novel of adventure and suspense; his new publication, the publishers tell us, will be a mystery-story "of a new kind". This smacks of something unlooked for, but in any case good mystery stories by Canadians are all too few, and book circles are awaiting the appearance of this one with interest. (Continued on page 28)



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By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Commercial Law.

A request for assistance comes to us all the way from Armstrong, British Columbia. Our correspondent writes in part as follows:

"I am desirous of obtaining a little information as to how a young man can get a little knowledge of Canadian law. Would it be advisable to obtain one or two books? I know it is best to go to college and start from the bottom, but as things are, I am unable to spare the time."

The two great divisions of law are the Statute Law and the Common Law. The Statute Law includes those laws which have received the assent of parliament and have been signed by the Governor-General or the Lieutenant-Governor as the case may be.

Common law is composed of the accumulated decisions of judges on the many points not covered by the Statute Law. The laws relating to general business and community transactions are generally spoken of as Commercial or Business Law, and we presume that it is this group of laws to which our correspondent refers. Commercial law is made up of about one-quarter Statute laws, and three-quarters Common law.

Our correspondent adds that the books he needs "must be written in the plainest way." This is a hard qualification to fill in a law book. The wording of most law books is usually not very easy for a layman to follow, and such books have often been criticized on that account. There are, however, many good reasons for the apparent complexities of law books and legal documents, although we have not space to enumerate these just now.

Any one of the following books should prove useful to our correspondent:

Summary of Commercial Law, by W. H. Anger, Toronto.

Digest of Canadian Mercantile Laws, by the same author.

The Canadian Lawyer, the Carswell Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Laws of Business, by C. A. Fleming, Owen, Sound, Ontario.

Business Law, by Alfred W. Bays, the Macmillan Company, Toronto.

The book last mentioned is on American practice, but is probably easier to understand than any of the others. For a beginner, a good combination would be the first and the last book.

Any of the regular booksellers in western cities should be able to procure these books on order.

Canadian Commercial Correspondence, published by the Macmillan Publishing Company, Toronto, contains much useful business information of a general nature, and a special chapter in which the most important features of commercial law are summarized.

The Literature of Business.

A month or so ago, this page was given over entirely to poetical selections. This month, by way of contrast, we are on a strictly business basis. The day before yesterday, I received a letter from a publisher of generous inclinations, and I may as well give the name now—Harper and Brothers, of New York and London—telling me all about a new book, The Literature of Business, selected and edited by Alta Gwinn Saunders and Herbert LeSourd Creek, both university instructors in English.

The letter, and the publishers will not mind my telling this, intimated that a review of the book would be appreciated, and suggested also, that it might prove useful as a textbook in one or more of my classes. With the letter was a post card, attractively worded, and telling me quite plainly that if I wanted the book, I could get it by filling in my name and address.

My wife insists that no matter whether I buy them or have them given to me, there is no room in the house for any more books but—that post card was very enticing, and while my good helpmate was busy with a culinary problem, I yielded to the temptation, filled in the blank spaces on the card, stamped it, and slipped away with it to the corner letter box.

In due time, I received a letter from the publishers stating that the card had been received and that the book was going forward by concurrent mail. The next communication was an official card from the customs department of the post office, advising that a parcel was being held to my order. I called for it the day following.

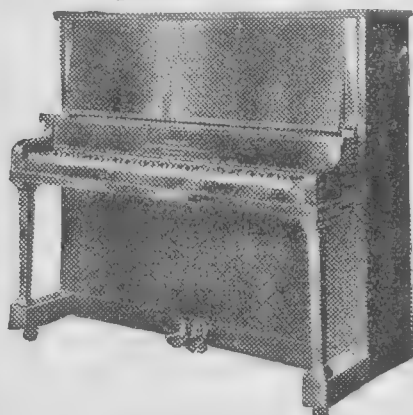
"How much did you pay for this", inquired the clerk?

"Nothing; publisher's sample," I replied, thereby depriving a needy government of an anticipated ten per cent. I signed two documents and received the book, which I expected to dismiss with the usual one or two paragraph notice, but—an hour's scanning brought a realization that here was a piece of work which could be much more easily written about in a page than in a paragraph. Following that, it became clear that the best recommendation of the work would be a series of actual selections rather than the comments of a reviewer.

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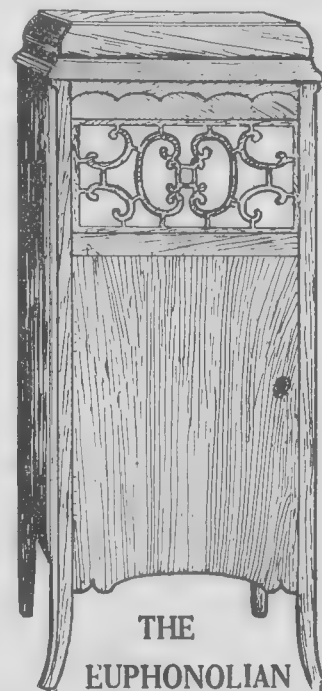
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ROGER BABSON ON THE BUSINESS SITUATION

Roger W. Babson is a man whose opinion on economic matters is sought for throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. He has built up a reputation which commands respect. It is therefore particularly interesting to find that Mr. Babson believes that the sooner business men in general inject a little more Christianity into their business dealings the sooner will the business world rise up out of the state of depression into which it has fallen.

Babson says "My guess is, that we will see no marked improvement in business this year, but we will see a marked difference in business next year." Speaking of prevailing conditions recently Mr. Babson stated: "One reason for unemployment and general bad business to-day is the fact that so few people are giving a dollar's value for the dollar they receive. Unconsciously we have all become dishonest. The grocer no longer adulterates the sugar, but he and we are adulterating our work. The farmer has ceased putting good apples only at the top of the barrel, but the same principle of deception has permeated to other lines of labour, industry and commerce. When we all, whether wage workers, employers, manufacturers or merchants are again imbued with the spirit of service, then we will have prosperity."

In answer to the question "When will prosperity return?" Mr. Babson states "My belief is that unless there is a spiritual renaissance we are going into a long period (covering a number of years) of gradually declining wages, decreasing interest rates and lower prices. The year 1922 should show a change for the better. Above all things, let us remember that in order to have better business next year we must be better ourselves between now and then."

CANADA'S ADVANTAGE

In these days of industrial depression Canada has a great advantage over other nations because our production consists mainly of the necessities of life. In those countries where great forces of men are usually employed in producing non-essentials or luxuries the unemployment problem is a tremendous one. Notwithstanding Canada's advantage in this connection the unemployment situation is far from satisfactory and is gradually getting more serious. In proof of this we note that the August bulletin issued by the Royal Bank of Canada gives the following interesting figures showing the percentage of unemployment among Canadian Trades' Union members for the periods named:

1916	1.9%
1917	1.9

1918	1.4
1919	3.6
1920-1st. quarter	4.0
2nd. ..	2.7
3rd. ..	3.3
4th. ..	9.8
1921 January	13.1
February	16.12
March	16.48
April	16.27

KNOTTY POINTS IN CONNECTION WITH CHEQUES

We have had a number of enquiries relating to bank cheques and the answer to some of these will undoubtedly be of general interest. A very common question is that regarding the station of payment of a cheque once it has left the hands of the party giving it. As an illustration we will presume that Brown has given Smith a cheque in payment of an account. Smith subsequently loses the cheque, but before losing it endorses his name on the back. Owen finds the cheque and gives it to Mason in payment of an account he owes. How can Smith get his money back? In dealing with a matter of this kind we must remember that the bank at which the cheque is payable is not directly responsible to anybody but Brown and will therefore be justified in refusing to take instructions from Smith. So Smith should go to Brown and get him to notify the bank not to pay the cheque and the bank will act accordingly. So far, so good, but Smith is still in danger of losing his money because Mason is in possession of the cheque, took it in good faith from Owen, gave Owen full value for it and so far as Mason knew, and could ascertain from the cheque it was a good one and quite regular in every way, shape and form. Mason is entitled to collect the value of the cheque and if the bank refuses to pay it upon instructions from Brown Mason can sue Brown and compel him to pay. All Smith can do in these circumstances is to try and find Owen and make him refund the value of the cheque.

Another knotty point is that regarding the value of writing "payment in full of account" on a cheque. These words are often written on a cheque as protection to the person paying the account and their actual value depends upon the circumstances surrounding the transaction. Suppose Brown and Smith have a dispute relating to a debt and finally Brown gives Smith a cheque for \$100 and marks thereon "in full payment of account". If Smith accepts the cheque without stating that he is not satisfied it would probably be held in a court of law that he had settled the debt by accepting the cheque. Suppose Smith is not satisfied and can satisfy the Judge that he told Brown he would not accept the cheque in full payment but only as part payment then the

(Continued on page 25)

The Fluctuating Dollar



At present, a dollar is worth only about 50c to spend; but it is worth \$1. to save. Because, dollars deposited in a Savings Account will steadily increase in buying power as the world gets on its feet again and the supply of commodities grows equal to the demand. Buy only what you cannot do without. Put your dollars away in a Savings Account until their buying power becomes more equalized.

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Head Office: Montreal. **OF CANADA** Established 1864.

391 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

-foodstuffs

According to statistics, one hundred farmers produced sufficient foodstuffs in 1920 for 420 other persons as compared with 337 in 1910, 241 in 1900, 213 in 1890 and 147 in 1880. Every farmer is providing food for three times as many persons now as in 1880.

As the farmer has expanded his business the Canadian banker has provided a correspondingly enlarged measure of banking accommodation. Through the demonstration of a helpful interest in his financial welfare, there has developed a bond which augurs well for the future relationship of farmer and banker.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Resources of \$169,000,000
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The Welcome Hand

A handful of money is welcome at most any time, but never quite so much as when death has claimed a loved one.

Protect Your Children's Childhood

Adequate Life Insurance means education for your children, clothing, food and the pleasures that are childhood's due.

Child Labor

Lack of life insurance means a family divided. Children stunted of schooling by the necessity of their labor adding to the family income. Poor food, poor clothing — children cheated.

Which

Which picture would you choose for your child's future?

Ask for rates at your own age.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - WINNIPEG.

Dept. "Q"



The Only Secret of a Beautiful Complexion

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being.

Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research

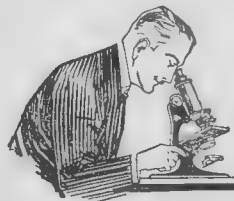
Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that *Nujol* has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus prevents the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found *Nujol* to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

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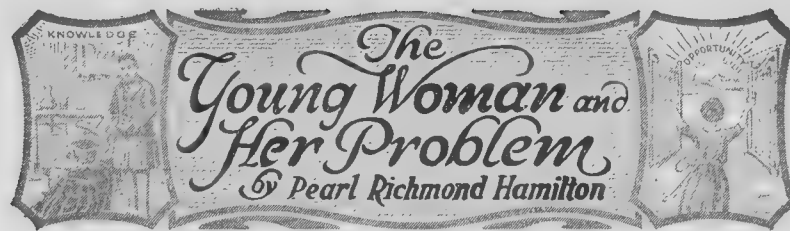


How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN." Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

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Please send me a copy of "A Lovely Skin Comes From Within."

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LEADERS

There are two kinds of leaders. One type leads through fear—the other through love. The first is tyrannical and cruel; the second is sympathetic and kind. From little girlhood to womanhood we suffer or develop under the one or the other.

I have watched a group of little girls at their play this summer. The leader is larger than the others—she is rude, ill-mannered and selfish and will have her way every time. Any little girl who objects is hurt in some way. The other children are afraid of her and do not like her—yet she is the leader. Whenever I hear her she shouts "Me First."

You and I know women leaders of this type—they do not care how much they make others suffer on their way up. In fact they hinder much splendid service that might be accomplished because of their jealousy of others who have ability. They crush and discourage those who might be constructive citizens.

On the other hand there is the opposite type of leader who in her progressive ambition for others helps them on the way. "And if I be lifted up will draw all up"—not the exact quotation but the meaning. This type helps every one she can and in doing this she herself becomes unconscious of her leadership.

Doborah must have been a woman of this type. When her people needed a leader to direct them through their terrible oppression she was chosen. I have in mind a woman in a public office today who won her position through her unselfish service to others.

I know another woman who is responsible for crushing the ambition of several women whose services to their community would have been extremely helpful—but she was jealous of their ability and kept them down that she might become prominent before the public. "Me First" is written all over her face.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs

He most lives—

Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best."

"NOTHING TO DO"

In this quiet, beautiful place near Lake Winnipeg where about fifty families spend vacation I so often hear the complaint—"Nothing to do!"

Girls from twelve years old and over and women, too, discontentedly whine that there is absolutely nothing here to amuse them. Why the continual chase for amusement when Nature's wonders are lavishly bestowed everywhere about us? As I write this I see the sun rising under a cloud of wondrous brilliancy of rose and gold. All the glories of the universe are suggested in this sunrise on the lake.

And the sunrise? Listen to the verse of our Canadian Poet—William McLennan:

"The Day hath burst exuberant from out the pearl-grey Dawn.
She flings aside her crimson robe behind the golden hills,
And comes in all her nakedness, her very veil withdrawn,
In glory so effulgent that it troubles as it thrills.

The cicada is screaming high her paeon to the heat.

The tender morning flowers have hid their faces from the glare,

As dancing through the swooning land Day reels with burning feet,

The red bicuspid flaunting in her iridescent hair."

The morn of a day full of opportunities given us! Who can dare say she has "nothing to do!" A crime against all nature is such an expression!

A little child pressing her upturned face against my screen door sends an appeal to my heart that prompts me to go for a walk where we gather fresh from

God's Hand, wonderful flowers; and we both learn—the child and I—great lessons from Nature's book, for Nature is a path to God.

"Nothing to do!" A little family of birds is nesting in the trees and they too teach the crime of her who wastes her time chasing the desire for amusement.

"Nothing to do"? With people all about us so interesting and helpful?

Last week I walked past a place in the bush that was a Paradise of Beauty. I say I walked past—no, I could not walk past! I stopped and went in. Why a thousand flowers waved me a welcome invitation! Silk clad poppies in their dainty dresses of pink and rose, the sturdy generous, sweet william, purple honey-suckles—the musical instruments of flower land, deep shaded carnations, white petunias and sweet scented old fashioned rosemary all beckoned me to walk in—and I met the queen of this garden of Beauty.

I did not hear from her the complaint 'nothing to do'. The light in her face lined with stories of care and toil shone with joy of achievement. I learned from her the story of this wonderful place in the bush. She had wanted a flower garden. Her husband was too busy working for the necessities of life to help her so she cleared this fifty foot lot in the bush with her own hands—she chopped down trees, carried away the brush and grubbed the roots until at last it was clean and ready for the seeds and plants. She made eight little rustic birds' nests and very picturesque they were in the trees. A lovely feeling came over her as she told me the bird families were grown and gone. She related several interesting stories about their domestic affairs during the period of nesting.

Then she told me the ingratitude of a squirrel she had befriended. I admired a rustic gate she had made at the entrance to the garden. "Yes"—she replied: "I had a nice vine over it and in the spring I gave a lonely squirrel crumbs and other food—in return he destroyed my vine."

Squirrels and some people are alike.

As I stood enthused with admiration of the accomplishment of this woman's work I turned to her and said: "Mrs. Johnson you are a blessing to your community. You have brought into it Beauty."

This garden of glory is within half a mile of the summer cottages and yet the very girls and women who said "There is nothing to do" have not seen it.

A mother of two little children says there is "nothing to do"—"There is nothing here."

Perhaps they never see the dawn, the sunrise, the morning, the moon, afternoon, and twilight who have "nothing to do." Do we realize that every fact of nature is a part of the Divine Thought?

Another Canadian Poet—Frederick G. Scott—in his poem "Dawn" says:

"The immortal Spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul has pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of eternal thought
Of which all Nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight."

These people with "nothing to do" are fed on the artificial—they must be entertained—they do not attend religious services—spiritual starvelings they are in a world of plenty. Artificial tastes and pleasures can never really cheer or refresh the heart; they have no root within our true life.

I recently heard a story about our great Canadian Poet—Bliss Carman. His wife is always anxious to go with him to the station when he is ready for a trip because if he were alone he might see a flower or a sunset on the way and forget the train. Let's be thankful for our Canadian Wordsworth who sees the story of the universe written on the petals of a flower.

IS IT WRONG?

Often I am asked this question: "Is it wrong?"

Is it wrong to dance?
Is it wrong to play cards?

My answer is this: "Anything that weakens your will power is wrong for you. You may have a girl companion who weakens your will power. If so, it is wrong for you to go with her."

Perhaps your young man friend weakens your will. He might soil your soul and blast your life and then take the first train for parts unknown while you would face the world crushed in heart and broken in hope, unhonoured and disgraced. Readers of this page have written me of just this same experience. My dear girls, never trust any young man who would rob you of your good character. It is wrong for you to go with him anywhere. The trinity of a woman's power is her purity, dignity and spirituality.

There is a fine modesty in her who has this power that no true gentleman will ever encroach upon.

Make no compromise of character for the sake of any favour, position, promotion, advantage or privilege.

I have known girls who have sold their soul for a seal coat—the coat is now worn out and so is the soul.

Do you joke about religion? Do you go to questionable amusements? Do you allow men to speak coarse language in your presence? Do you smoke? Do you drink? These weaken your character. The girl who indulges in these is within easy distance of shame. Every moment is jewelled with infinitive possibility.

BEAUTY SECRETS.

If you desire a beautiful face you must fill the mind with beautiful thoughts. All our thoughts are registered in our face. Anger, hate, love, joy, envy, jealousy, charity, sympathy, purity, all these express themselves on the face. "Once upon a time" I heard a minister deliver a sermon. It did me no good. A friend criticized me when I said I could not enjoy the sermon because selfishness was written all over his face. A few years later I was not surprised to hear of the tragedy of a broken hearted wife.

Culture is beauty in mind and manner. The truly beautiful face has in it a beautiful blend of soul qualities.

There is an outstanding quality expressed in every face. One writer says: "In the face of Gladstone, Conscience. In the face of Disraeli, Ambition. In the face of Emerson, Kindness. In the face of Lincoln, Sympathy."

Four things dominate and determine the character of the human face—the eyes, the lips, the profile and the complexion. The mind is expressed in the eye—strength of character in the lips, calibre in the profile and a blending of physical and spiritual qualities in the complexion.

Think of it! The spiritual qualities of mind, heart and soul register themselves on the countenance! You cannot buy these in a box at the drug store.

Beauty is nature's approach to perfection—and a beautiful face is one of woman's best contributions to society—"a face sweet with love, faith, tenderness and purity."

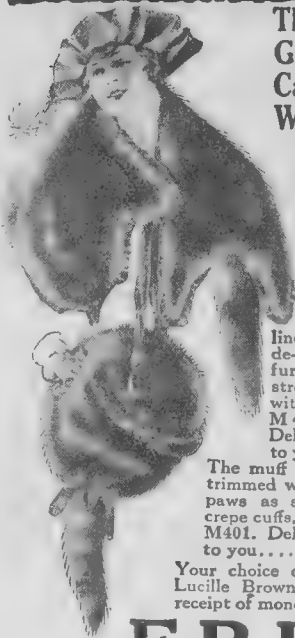
Worry lines in a woman's face indicate lack of faith in God and too much dependence on herself.

A hard face tells the tale of too little faith in Divine Guidance—too much centering on self.

Then there is the empty face—the face of a wasted life.

Every thought of revenge ploughs a line in the face—every thought of hatred, of greed, of sin, leaves ugly traces on the countenance. In time these cannot be covered.

But the thoughts of purity, love, sympathy, sincerity all from within fashion a face that becomes more beautiful with every year of age.



This Beautiful Genuine Canadian Wolf Set

Is only one of the many hundred bargains illustrated in Hallam's Fur Fashion Book. The large animal scarf measures about 32 ins. silky, lustrous and long in the fur, lined with shirred crepe-de-chene, finished with fur all around and streamers. Trimmed with head, tail and paws. M400.

Delivered to you \$24.50

The muff is large ball shape, trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, velvet lined, crepe cuffs, wrist cord and ring. M401. Delivered to you \$24.50

Your choice of either Black or Lucille Brown will be sent upon receipt of money.

FREE

Hallam's 1922 Book of Fur Fashions

This book which has become the standard family guide for fur fashions, is now ready for mailing. It gives advance information on the latest styles in Furs, and is illustrated with nearly 300 beautiful up-to-date fur fashions. Most of the illustrations are from real photographs taken on living people, but pictures cannot reproduce the beauty and value of Hallam Furs. There are furs for every member of the family, and to suit every purse. You will save money by sending for this book to-day—It's Free.



JOHN HALLAM

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Every fur coat and set shown in my 1922 Fur Fashion Book is of the highest quality, and wonderful value for the money. No matter where you live in Canada, if the King's mail can reach you, you can wear the latest and best in Furs, by using my Mail Order Service. I can sell cheaper than any other manufacturer, as I am the largest cash buyer of Furs in Canada, buying direct from the Trapper and selling direct to you, I save you several middlemen's profits.

If the furs do not please you, simply send them back, and I will refund your money and pay all the charges—Order Early.

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31x4	\$34.20	\$28.00	\$6.20
33x4 S.S.	\$58.20	\$54.50	\$3.70
33x4 1/2 S.S.	\$70.00	\$61.25	\$8.75

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BEFORE the war Goodyear Tires were of such value that more motorists used them than any other brand. Today an even greater percentage of the world's automobiles are equipped with Goodyears;

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of Canada, Limited.

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

APPLE GROWING IN THE WEST.

Although the prairie provinces do not contain apple orchards of the kind that are familiar sights in the East or British Columbia, apple trees of the crab and cross-bred varieties are to be found in many sections where horticultural enthusiasts abound. There are delicious preserves made from the apples produced right in our own Prairie Provinces, and many horticulturists have again and again produced specimens of apples that are indeed a credit, considering the climatic conditions.

A little over thirty years ago some crab apples were obtained from Russia, and young trees raised in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and were found to be quite hardy. These trees were very ornamental, stand the winters well, and produce a great number of small apples—about the size of a cherry—that make excellent jelly.

The Dominion government experts have conducted some important crossbreeding work, with the result that we have now some very good specimens of cross-bred apples that may be made into very attractive preserves. Among the best of these hybrid crabs may be mentioned Silvia, Elsa, Robin, Tony, Norman and Charles.

Well drained land is essential to apple culture, as apple trees growing on poorly drained land will become stunted, and are rarely profitable. The orchard should be located preferably on a northern or eastern slope. This will give the necessary drainage while avoiding the premature rising of sap that would occur in the case of a southern or southwestern slope. The land should have received good preparation, and that which has been well manured for root crops, ploughed in the fall and again ploughed in the spring and thoroughly levelled with the harrow should be in good condition for planting the trees.

POTATO SCAB.

It is surprising to many growers of the home garden patch of potatoes to hear that their otherwise healthy looking tubers are affected by disease, but inspection by experts has often located the unsuspected. One of the commonest and most widely distributed diseases is scab, which takes the form of more or less circular areas on the surface of the tuber, sometimes raised above the level of the skin, and sometimes below. It is stated that this disease can live in the soil for five years.

Heavy moist soils appear to favor the disease, and direct contact with manure will also intensify it. It is more likely to be prevalent in a wet season than a dry one.

Great care should be exercised where scabby potatoes have made their appearance, to prevent the spread of the disease. Sacks in which potatoes have been, will convey the disease to the clean potatoes which may possibly be sacked afterwards. Small quantities of potatoes may be disinfected by immersing them in sacks in a solution of commercial formalin—1 pint to 30 gallons of water for two hours. The formalin solution made as directed can be used ten times in succession without loss of strength. Sacks that have become contaminated may be disinfected in this manner. Ploughs and potato diggers should be washed with ordinary water and then sprayed with formalin, 1 pint to a gallon of water.

Cellars should be thoroughly cleaned, and the walls and floors washed or sprayed with a fresh lime wash containing one pound of copper sulphate (bluestone) to every fifteen gallons of the wash.

POULTRY NOTES

The value of the Record of Performance obtained by any birds in the Egg-Laying Contests must be clear to poultrymen who are interested in the selection of individuals for the ultimate production of high egg-producing strains. An owner with such certificates awarded for the

Warranted to give satisfaction.



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A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a **HUMAN REMEDY** for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.75 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

Manitoba Agricultural College

WINNIPEG

APPLICATIONS RECEIVED NOW FOR WINTER COURSES

Oct. 11.—Third, Fourth and Fifth Year students in degree courses register.

Oct. 18.—First and Second Year Degree students in both Agriculture and Home Economics register.

Oct. 25.—Opening day for young men taking one, two or three year courses in Live Stock, Field Crops, Mathematics, Farm Accounting, English, Shop Work, Poultry, Dairying and Horticulture; and for young women taking one or two year courses in Sewing, Millinery, Cooking, Home Nursing, Art, Home Furnishing and English.

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Residence accommodation for 350 students.

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For terms of admission, details of courses, information as to fees, etc, apply to

W. J. SPENCE, Registrar,
University of Manitoba, Winnipeg

production of eggs by several of his birds has one of the best advertisements and, needless to say, one that supports bona fide yields.

Such contests have given the public much information on what the various breeds are capable of accomplishing, and by the issue of the weekly pen reports to the owners of the competing birds throughout the year much information has been gleaned in regard to the manner in which the various types of birds have produced eggs under varying conditions of temperature. There are also those of the public who did not feel interested in poultry keeping and who were not very interested in the subject at any time, but indications seem to point to the fact that all classes have been drawn to a common interest in the Egg-Laying Contests, and who can tell what number of these otherwise phlegmatic onlookers may develop into enthusiastic poultrymen in the course of time.

The regular and good feeding of the contests has shown what good care will do in the poultry yards compared to the old time barnyard "go as you please" flock of hens that were allowed to roam at will and lay their eggs in odd corners of the buildings, while others would quit laying and become boarders without the fact becoming registered against them. To many people, perhaps, it came as a surprise to know how many eggs a hen could produce in a month as shown by the contest reports, and then again, what an emphasis has the importance of trapping been given. As these contests go on from year to year the obtaining of first class birds from parentage of high egg producing records will be far easier than where one has to contend with records that have not been carefully compiled and breeding that has not been closely followed up.

Under the above conditions the favoring of special breeds for egg production will likely be subject to occasional revision as it is natural selection that counts and when certain breeds compete against each other and trapnest records are carefully kept of every egg laid, the result at the end of a year is sometimes very surprising to those people who are not in touch with details of the parentage of the winning birds.

Tears in the Milk

An old lady had arrived at the conclusion that the milk "looked like rain," and complained to the dairyman.

"Short o' grass feed this time o' year, Mrs. Macpherson," explained the jocular tradesman. "Bless yer he'rt, the cows are jist as sorry about it as I am mase!'. I often stan' an' watch them cryin'—cryin', Mrs. Macpherson—because they feel that their milk isna doin' them credit. Don't you believe it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it, Willie," said the lady, "but in future I wish you'd see that they don't drop all their tears in my can!"

Color Returns in 4 to 8 days

It's so easy—So quick This way to restore gray hair



The old days of messy past, Science now has found a way to restore gray hair to its natural color with a pure, clear, colorless liquid, applied with a comb.

It's sure and it's easy—you do it yourself. Results are immediate, natural color returns in from 4 to 8 days.

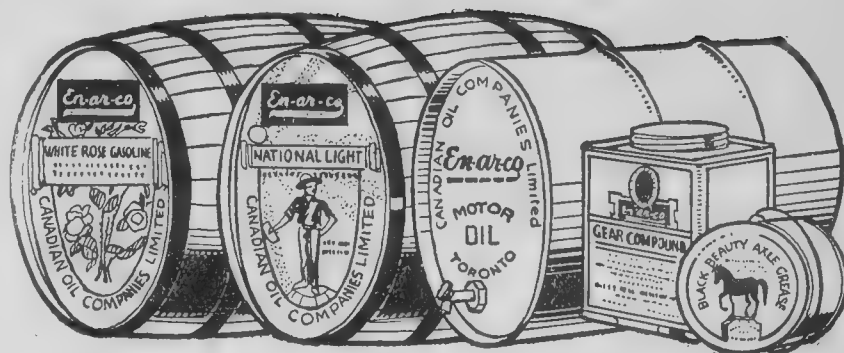
Mail the Coupon for Trial Bottle
Fill out the coupon, mail it. We will send you a trial size bottle. Prove our statements by restoring a single lock of hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....Street.....
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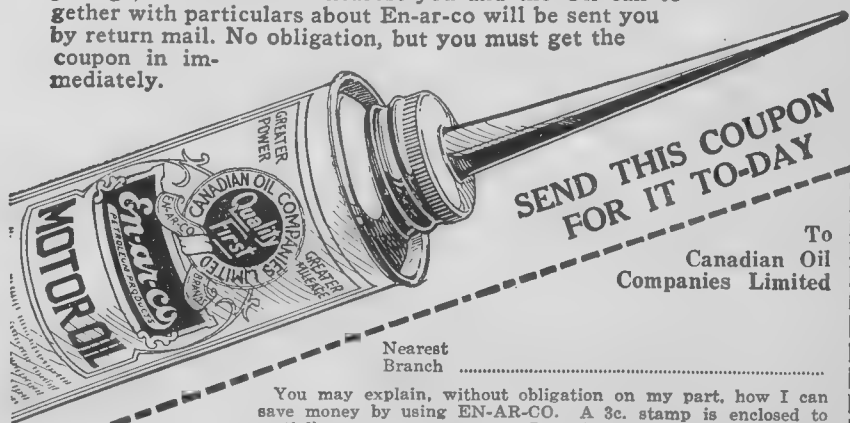
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Nearest Branch

You may explain, without obligation on my part, how I can save money by using EN-AR-CO. A 3c. stamp is enclosed to partially cover postage on 3 Long-Spouted Oil Cans. I have never received one before.

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This book tells how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting—just what materials to use and how to apply them. Contains complete instructions for finishing woods of all kinds—hard or soft—old or new. Tells how to secure beautiful enameled effects with *Johnson's Enamel* and stained effects with *Johnson's Wood Dye*. This book gives full directions on the care of floors—how you can easily make and keep them beautiful with



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FRUIT AND GRAIN FARMS, large or small, convenient to manufacturing cities and towns in Western Ontario. You will sell anything and grow anything. Cash or terms. Let us hear what you want. A. D. McRae, 225 Prospect St., Hamilton, Ont. 10-21

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FOR SALE, a modern dwelling, very convenient, on about seven eighths of acre, good land, plenty of fruit, and some to sell, a most delightful homestead; price moderate. Enquire, Owner, Box 697, Salmon Arm, B.C. 9-21

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I would like to tell my readers some of the interesting things which I saw and participated in at some of the big fairs of the present season. Sunday evening July 3 will stand out in my memory for a long time as a day to be marked with a white stone.

Scenes at the Fairs.

It was fair week in Calgary and with the capriciousness, which has been so much a feature of the weather this season, it had turned wet and cold on Saturday and all Sunday morning had been gloomy and damp. The artists which were furnishing the platform attractions were, many of them, tenting on the fair grounds and having anything but a pleasant time. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the sun got over its sulks and the weather cleared up sufficiently to make motoring pleasant. The manager of the fair and a number of the directors, thinking how miserable a time the artists must be having, took their motors and going down to the fair grounds gathered up some 65 of them, men, women and children, and took them for a drive around the city and then they were driven to the home of the manager and ushered in to a recreation room which he had laid for his children in the basement. A cheery fire, which the coldness of the evening made very pleasant, was blazing on the hearth and with a little squeeze everybody got a seat at the long tables and a jolly picnic tea was served. After the tea an adjournment was made to the big living room upstairs where again they were greeted with an open fire and a sing-song was inaugurated.

I know that a great many people have a prejudice against artists on fair circuits. That prejudice, I am certain is occasioned by lack of knowledge of the people whom they condemn. The manager of the Calgary fair has always maintained that the people who furnish the attractions and a great measure of the pleasure of the fair are deserving of every consideration and he has had his reward in endeavouring to treat them on this level, as many pleasant and valuable friendships have resulted. At this gathering it was most interesting to note the character of the hymns which were selected by these artists. A little Japanese acrobat, who spoke very indifferent English, was very insistent on, "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "Onward Christian Soldiers". One of the clowns seemed to have simply an endless repertoire of old Methodist hymns and sang them with the utmost fervor. The little Jap whistled an accompaniment to everything which resembled nothing so much as a chorus of birds on a summer morning. The girl belonging to Jessie Sterling's Kiltie Band, who later delighted everybody with their dancing of the Highland Fling and Sword Dance, were equally familiar with many of the old Scotch songs and hymns, while Miss Sterling herself proved quite as familiar with old hymns as she was with the latest vaudeville catch song and when after several hours of enjoyment of this kind she sang for us, "The End of A Perfect Day," we felt that she was giving expression to the thought of every one of us. It had indeed, in many respects, been a perfect day. Next Sunday evening in Edmonton the scene was changed. During the week one of the men in connection with the Wortham Shows, supplying the midway attractions, had been killed and the various members of that aggregation had decided that they would like to hold a memorial service on the midway after the regular church services. The great tent was filled. Every artist and helper about the big shows came to pay tribute to a man who had been their comrade for a number of years. It was a very weird scene. The brilliant electric lights showed a group of the manager, the president and a number of the directors of the exhibition in the regular Sunday dress of the average Western man. The people from the shows, many of them, were in their work-day clothes, especially those engaged among the animals. Many little children were there and near where the minister stood

to deliver his address were the trained elephants quietly munching their hay, and the cages of the lions and tigers. The singing was accompanied by one of the bands of the shows. It was a strange but very impressive service and at its close the members of the company took up a collection. Their comrade, so far as they were able to ascertain, had no wife or any living relative so they subscribed this money and had erected in the graveyard at Edmonton a stone to the memory of a man who was a stranger in a strange land but not without friends in the hour of his death. Scenes like these draw one very close to the people who take part in them and I am sure that all the outsiders who took part in the song service of one Sunday evening and a memorial service of the next will for a long time cherish a kinder and more friendly feeling toward those who furnish them with amusement.

One thing that was very interesting was to note the care which these people give to their children and the exceedingly good manners of even the smallest of the children brought to the memorial service might put to blush the behaviour of a good many children of people who have been in the habit of looking down on vaudeville artists as those of another world.

During the month I have had the pleasure of reading in proof the full manuscript of Nellie L. McClung's new book, "Purple Springs" and I have

Purple Springs

no hesitation in saying that all who read "Sewing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance" may look forward with very real pleasure to the love story of Pearl Watson for that is what the book is about. Mrs. McClung has been elected to the legislature of Alberta and her interests will, no doubt, lie there more in the future even than they have done in the past; for all that, she will always be a true daughter of Manitoba and while the purple springs of healing are located in the far north land of Alberta, the principal scenes of the book are laid in the familiar surroundings of the Souris Valley where she spent her own girlhood. She has made most effective use of the famous mock parliament which was held in Winnipeg a few years ago. There are many delightful bits of description and many good character sketches and the whole book is as wholesome and as true to the everyday life of the people of Manitoba as were its predecessors.

THAT PERIOD AFTER FORTY

By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

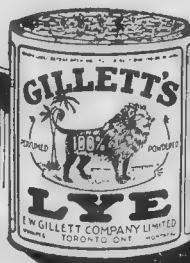
If there be one thing which women dread as they get near it, it is the approach of their fortieth birthday. Even, if for the next ten years, they continue to give their age as thirty-five or thirty-nine, they cannot hide the truth from themselves. At this age, some people think their lives are nearly over, they get out of the younger people's way. They sit in chairs and knit, they talk of rheumatism and other pains and above all, they talk about their past lives. This is one of the greatest mistakes they can make. They grow so accustomed to looking backwards that they forget to look forward. It is as if they saw in huge letters: "Age Forty. Abandon Hope all ye who enter here."

Those who no longer have to worry about money, seem to settle down comfortably to enjoy the fruit of their labors, or of their husbands, or possibly their fathers. It is not always a kindness to leave our children too big an income, though I think we ought to try to leave them a small one. Those who have enough for their needs are often content to be idlers, especially when they are women after forty. To have a little, yet not quite enough, gives an incentive to work of all kinds. Even those who are inclined to say that they work for the love of the thing, must admit that the amount of money received

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Make Gillett's Lye your household assistant. Use it for making soap for washing dishes for cleaning sinks for washing greasy pots and pans. It cleans and disinfects

Gillett's Lye Eats Dirt



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Is the Clothing for Kiddies

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The JAEGER CO., Limited

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often represents their improvement in their special line of business or Art. We get out of the class of Amateurs, in proportion as our pay becomes higher.

When a woman is content at forty to say that she has lived her life, she cannot be very ambitious. All these years she has been learning, and now she should be putting into action the results of those years of experience and study. She has not lived forty years just to sit still another forty. How can she have the calm, sitting-still attitude that comes after seventy, or eighty?

We may be content to take advice from a woman of eighty, as she gives it from her rocking-chair; but we expect a woman of forty should be up and doing.

To look forward to the long years of usefulness in which we can work out our cherished ambitions, is to cut off a great many years from our age. Those who can look forward are never really old, no matter what age they may be going to be, on their next birthdays: Those who always talk about what they used to do and the "dear dead days beyond recall", therefore, that other people will think of them in the same way. We are often taken at our own valuation! If we look on ourselves as old women the world will not trouble to contradict us.

"Hope springs eternal in the breast," but if we are the people to bury it, we cannot blame our neighbors.

When the woman of forty thinks she can no longer walk, or exercise, or study, then what is there for her to do? We have to grow older, in spite of ourselves; but we need not be the ones to hasten the process!

Many Doctors have written about the Exercise, Diet and Rest required by the woman over forty; but few seem to expatiate on the state of her mind. It is her mind that will keep her young; it is that which will make her children treat her more like a grown-up sister, whom they do not shut out of their games. I hope I shall be able to enter as heartily into my children's games, years after forty, as I do now. We must think young thoughts if we want to keep young. We can do this best by cherished ambitions, so we can tell them ours! Why should "Mother" be barred from the land of ambitions? Why should she not also have her Dreams? I would have a woman keep her Dreams until she passes into that Dreamless Sleep from which there is no awakening!

I know a woman now — a great friend of mine — who is well over forty. She has a look of perpetual youth! It is not that she paints or powders; for she does not! Her hair is even allowed to turn grey! Then what is it that makes her look so young? I think it is her dreams! Often, she has said to me laughingly:—"I still have my Dreams," and I have answered:—"You are lucky to have them. I hope I shall always have mine."

SLUMBER DUST

By Evelyn Gowan Murphy

Mammy's little piccaninny,
Hush-a theah you' noise;
Does yo' want to wake you' Pappy?
Play theah with you' toys.

Doan' you' throw them bocks aroun'
Makin' sich a din,
If you' good ah'l git you' melon,
Bushtin' th'oo it's skin.

Bushtin' th'oo it's skin, mah honey,
Full o' juicy joy,
Pink, an' full o' heav'nly nectah,
Theah, theah, Mammy's boy!

Did yo' bump you' kinky haid?
Come to mammy's ahms;
All you' troubles she will scare
An' keep yo' safe from hahms.

Mammy luvs huh little chile,
Sho' she'll sing a song,
Theah, theah, sonny,
Hush mah honey,
Dust man come along.

Wrap a cosy little dream
'Roun' mah baby's haid;
Drop a pinch o' Slumber Dust
Undah neath he's bed.
Den he'll sleep well Pappy wakes,
Both wantin' to be fed.

Have you noticed how many of your neighbors have changed from tea or coffee to

INSTANT POSTUM

The smooth, rich flavor of this cereal beverage appeals to the taste, and it is free from any element of harm. Better nights and brighter mornings usually result from Postum in place of tea or coffee.

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The pictures are 1 5/8 x 2 1/2 inches. The Kodak Anastigmat f.7.7 lens is made in the Kodak Company's own lens factory and designed for use on this particular camera; it exactly fits the requirements. The result is negatives of such sharpness that perfect enlargements to almost any size, equal in quality to contact prints, can be made from V. P. K. Special negatives. Illustration shows camera actual size.

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for After-Shaving,
Chapped Skin -
Burns, Scalds, etc.

THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

DIET OF THE SICK ROOM

Tempting Dishes for the Invalid.

The problem of diet in the sick room is always a matter of more or less anxiety in every home, especially where the illness is of long duration and the appetite is fitful and capricious.

In considering the diet of any patient, no matter from what disease he may be suffering, there are two essential features to be studied. The first feature is, or should be, the nutritive value of the food. The aim of invalid cookery is to build up and repair the waste which is going on in the system during the illness. Therefore the food must be given which will assist nature in her efforts towards restoration. For example, a patient suffering from typhoid fever should not be given solid food, nor a patient with Bright's disease given too much starch or sugar.

The second feature is the preparation and serving of the food. It should be served in small quantities, and in as attractive a manner as possible. The linen should be spotless, dishes, dainty chinaware, if practicable, and always whole, not chipped and cracked and we sometimes see. High seasonings should be avoided, also all extremes. In the preparation of the food it must be given the stipulated time for cooking. Nourishment plays a more important part in the recovery of the patient than we ever realize, and the value of this branch of nursing cannot be over estimated.

It is my purpose to give some "dietetic" recipes for the most common diseases prevalent, with the hope that they may help those who are taking care of their loved ones in their home and whose brains are racked often trying to think of something new which will not only tempt but benefit the patient.

CONSUMPTION

The treatment of consumption has received much attention and study by all the greatest minds in the medical world. By a careful and dietetic treatment, a great deal may be done to arrest its progress. Fresh air, exercise, and cold water bathing are invaluable.

Diet—Avoid starchy foods and excess of sugar and eggs if there is any tendency toward gastric catarrh. Fats and oils may be given in the form of olive oil, salads, cream, bacon, nuts and marrow. Cod liver oil has long been held to be of eminent value and it possesses all the advantages of food. Oils should be given in very small quantities at first. Here are a few recipes:—

Creamed Sweetbreads—Soak the sweetbread in cold salted water, throw into boiling water and boil fifteen minutes. A little lemon juice or vinegar will whiten the bread. Drain and cut into dish. Make cream white sauce with one quarter cup of cream, or two tablespoons of milk and two of cream, two tablespoons of butter. Blend two tablespoons of flour with butter, add cream and let boil. Pour over meats, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and brown in oven.

Suet Pudding—One quarter cup of suet, one quarter cup of molasses, one quarter cup of milk, one cup of flour, one quarter teaspoon spice, one eighth teaspoon soda. Put into a pudding cup and steam for three quarters of an hour. Serve with a cream sauce.

Bacon Dressing—Fry thin slices of bacon. Strain, add to quantity of fat, one-third the quantity of vinegar. Thicken by adding flour. Serve as a dressing on grape fruit.

Mayonnaise Salad—Equal parts of celery and chicken. Walnuts may be added. Dressing, one egg yolk, one cup olive oil, one teaspoon salt, pepper (cayenne), mustard and sugar to taste, two tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice. Beat egg with olive oil, add drop by drop, then mustard and sugar, salt and pepper, add vinegar to thin. Chill and serve.

Cream Toast—Toast bread, drop into boiling salted water. Remove quickly and pour over it a thin cream sauce and serve.

Caramel Ice Cream—Caramel used in place of sugar to prevent fermentation. One quart scalded cream, one cup sugar, one quarter of caramel. Freeze.

Banana Cream—Three bananas cut into small pieces, one cup water, six table-

spoons sugar, one half rind of lemon, cook ten minutes, remove rind, add one half tablespoon hydrated gelatine, one cup whipped cream, juice of one lemon, mold and chill.

Orange Bavarian Cream—Grated rind of one orange, juice of three oranges, one half cup of sugar, one cup of cream, two tablespoons gelatine. Method of making. Whip the cream, set in ice, soak gelatine in one quarter cup of cold water, dissolve in one quarter cup of boiling water, add juice and rind of oranges, then sugar, stir until dissolved, then partially chill. When nearly cold add whipped cream; beat until thick, mold and chill.

Egg Chocolate—To be served as soon as made. Two squares of chocolate, one quarter cup sugar, one half cup water, two cups milk added gradually, vanilla. Cook to a paste, stir constantly. Let boil five minutes. Remove from fire and beat in whites of two eggs, well whipped.

Velvet Cream—One quarter box of gelatine, one quarter cup cold water, four tablespoons lemon juice, one half cup sugar, one cup cream, whipped. Soak the gelatine and dissolve over hot water, add lemon juice and sugar, set on ice to cool. When it begins to harden, add cream, beat until thick, mold and chill.

Coffee Cream—Two tablespoons gelatine, one quarter cup strong coffee, one half cup sugar, one half cup cream. Soak the gelatine, add coffee and sugar, cook. When it begins to thicken, add cream. Beat, mold, and chill.

Nutted Cream—Three tablespoons gelatine, one cup of cold water, two cups of cream, whipped, one quarter cup of nuts, one quarter cup boiling water, one half cup of powdered sugar. Dissolve gelatine, mix nuts, sugar and cream, add to gelatine, stir constantly, mold and chill.

Sherry Jelly—(Will ease dry, parched lips.) One half cup water, one half box gelatine, four tablespoons sherry, rind and juice of one lemon.

French Omelet—When eggs can be eaten without disturbing patient, or where there are no signs of gastric catarrh, I have found the following omelet very much relished. Separate one white and yolk, beat the white until stiff, beat the yolk until lemon color, add one tablespoon water to yolk, add salt and pepper. Fold white into yolk. Have one teaspoon of butter melted in the pan. Turn the omelet into pan and cook for one minute. Reduce the heat, try with a knife lightly, fold and turn into platter. Serve at once.

Creamy Omelet—Beat up the whole egg, add one tablespoon of cream, heat and butter the pan. Pour eggs into the pan and constantly lift from the centre of pan till cooked. Serve at once.

SNOW PUDDING.

$\frac{3}{4}$ box gelatine or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine 4 tablespoons lemon juice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water Whites of 2 eggs
1 cup boiling water

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in the boiling water to which the sugar and grated lemon rind have been added. Strain. When thick, beat well. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating till the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on a large glass dish, or in individual glasses. Chill. Serve with a boiled custard, made from the yolks of the eggs.

JELLIED PRUNES.

1-3 lb. prunes 1 cup cold water
2 cups cold water $\frac{3}{4}$ box gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup lemon juice $\frac{3}{4}$ cup or a little less of sugar
Boiling water

Wash and soak the prunes for several hours in 2 cups of cold water. Cook gently in the same water until the prunes are soft but not broken. Remove them carefully, stone and cut in quarters. To the juice add enough boiling water to make 2 cups. To this add the sugar, lemon juice and prunes. Mould. While cooling, stir two or three times to prevent the prunes settling to the bottom. Serve with plain or whipped cream.



"At Forty-Five"

"YES, at my age I suppose I should expect a change in my condition. But I am so nervous and irritable, so easily excited and worried, that I cannot understand what is wrong."

"I know just how you feel, my dear, for I have gone through exactly what you are experiencing now."

"But you are not nervous."

"No, not now, but I was in a far worse condition than you are, when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I need not tell you more, for you know how well I have been for the last few years."

Mrs. H. Alchorn, 23 Gerald St., Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: "Dr. Chase's

Nerve Food was recommended to me by an aunt who used it while passing through the change of life and was completely built up by its use. From my experience as a wife and mother I find that the majority of users are women, especially women passing through the change of life; next by young mothers to regain strength after baby comes, and also by mothers for their young daughters entering their womanhood. While it is good for all classes of humanity, I am sure it is especially so for women, as they seem to be troubled most by nervous diseases."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

sell as fast as baked—always fresh.

Your grocer will be pleased to supply you.

MCCORMICK'S
JERSEY CREAM SODA BISCUITS

28

How About Your Subscription?

Reference to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. Do it now!

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Home Doctor.

DEEP BREATHING

Everyone must breathe, but almost no one breathes well—or as well as he might. Breathing, unlike most other automatic actions, such as the heart-beat, is almost less under the control of the voluntary nervous system. The heartbeat for the vast majority of mankind—although there are some freakish exceptions—has passed entirely out of voluntary control; but breathing must continue more or less voluntarily, for there are several actions, such as talking and singing, in which we must by volition change its rhythm and its depth.

The essential function of breathing is to aerate the blood, and when the respirations are of the proper depth and rapidity the work is done perfectly, and an even balance of health is maintained. Unfortunately, most of us do not breathe properly; the common fault is not breathing deeply enough. The inspirations should be full enough to expand the lungs and to open all the little air cells so that the blood in the minute arteries are exposed to the purifying actions of oxygen. Deep inspirations also cause an alternation of the amount of blood in the abdomen and prevent venous stagnation, which is at the bottom of man's minor ills of the digestive organs.

Another result of the more perfect oxygenation of the blood that follows deep breathing is a sharpening of the mental faculties and a clearing away of the cobwebs that the spiders of worry and our discouragement spin round and through the brain. Of course we cannot devote all our waking moments to a regulation of breathing; there are other things to do, and, moreover, it would be overdoing a good thing if we were to breathe to the fullest extent all of the time. What we should do is practice deep breathing out doors or at an open window for a few minutes three or four times a day before going to bed and on getting up and then before the midday and evening meals.

It sounds simple, almost too simple, like the prophet's advice to Naaman, the leper, to bathe seven times in the Jordan; but the person who tries it,—inhaling slowly and to the fullest possible extent, pausing three or four seconds and then letting out the breath quietly, about five times a minute, will find himself at the end of two months or so a better creature mentally and physically and probably morally as well.

THE NAILS

Nails, which the Carnivora use as claws to seize with, and the Herbivora use as hoofs on which to walk, in man serve only to support and stiffen the ends of the fingers and toes. The normal nail, which is often seen, is slightly curved from side to side and from end to end; it is smooth on its surface and somewhat transparent; and, except in the crescent-shaped white portion at the base, which is called the lunule, it shows the pink color of the nail bed beneath. On many persons' nails, the lunule is well marked on only two or three of the fingers of each hand, but it almost always appears on the thumb nails. Often, too, longitudinal ridges mark the surface of the whole nail. After a severe illness there is usually a transverse groove which is the result of defective nutrition of the root—the newly forming portion—during the illness. Since the finger nails grow at the rate of from one thirty-second to one sixteenth of an inch a week, such a groove takes from two to four months to work down to the end of the nail.

The nails may be deformed in various ways. When very thin, they are often flattened or hollowed out instead of convex and are called spoon nails. They may be abnormally thick and show exaggerated curves, specially in a longitudinal direction. Victims of tuberculosis or of chronic heart disease often have such nails, which make the ends of the fingers look as if they were hypertrophied; physicians call them Hippocratic fingers as the first description of them is found in the writings of Hippocrates, "the father of medicine." You should push back the skin round the nail gently with a wooden toothpick or a towel after washing your hands, and you should never cut it off. The practice of cutting it off leads to hangnails or fissures in the skin fold at the root or side of the nail, which are not only painful but which may become infected and result in a "run-around" or inflammation, that in extreme cases involves the entire root and undersurface of the nail and causes it to be shed. The presence of white spots or lines on the nails is not uncommon. It is thought to be the result of slight injury, but we do not know surely what causes it.

The nails are subject to various diseases. Ringworm sometimes attacks the nails of children, and eczema and other skin diseases sometime invade the nail bed and affect the nails secondarily. Warts at the sides of the nails or under the free edge sometimes cause much pain and annoyance. You should pare the nail about once a week with a sharp knife or small scissors and use the file only to round off rough places left by the cutting. If the nails are brittle, you often can help them by frequent applications of vaseline.

(Continued from page 17)

statement "payment in full of account" on the cheque would be of no value. Suppose Smith took the more simple course of drawing a line through the words "payment in full of account", the effect would be to destroy the value of these words and would not prevent him from cashing the cheque.

Another matter which sometimes causes considerable worry is when a person loses a promissory note. As an illustration:

Suppose Smith buys a horse from Brown and gives a note for the price of the horse payable six months hence. Several weeks before the note is due Brown is unable to find it, in fact he has lost it. Smith may say that he'll not pay unless Brown produces the note. Brown however has certain rights:—First: He may ask Smith to give him a duplicate of the lost note and if Smith refuses he may be compelled by a Judge to give a new note to Brown, provided however, that Brown shall give a bond to Smith agreeing to identify him against anybody who may have subsequently obtained the note and be in a position to make Smith pay it again.

BUSINESS can always be good if it is gone after in the right way. Advertising in "The Western Home Monthly" is an effective method.



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"Spreads like butter"

So rich, so creamy that it is always soft and may be spread on crackers or bread like butter. It goes a long way.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

For maximum of service consign your grain to
The Old Reliable Grain Commission Merchants

James Richardson & Sons Limited

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BRITISH COLUMBIA Apples

"DUCHESS" apples have come—and gone. "WEALTHY" apples are now with us. McINTOSHES are on the way. Every B.C. Apple this year is running true to form; of good size, of excellent flavor—at a price that makes buying profitable. Get a box of each kind as it comes; A box of "WEALTHY" NOW—then a box or two of the "McINTOSH RED".

DO YOUR PRESERVING NOW

No month has so many preserving varieties as September. Peaches, Prunes, Plums, Pears and the later Crabapples are piling on top of each other. Take a week to fill your jars but fill them all.

Help Your Dealer Order Ahead

There is wisdom in placing your orders for the fruits you need, and in ordering by the box. Your dealer will know just what to order and there'll be no waste on his hands. You have waited for B. C. fruits. They are coming in abundance—but it pays to order ahead.



This series of advertisements is issued by the Producers and Distributors of B. C. Fruits.

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from

Viyella
OR
"Clydella"

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and have the satisfaction of knowing in advance that the garment will give more-than-ordinary service. The remarkable strength and durability of these famous fabrics make them ideal for children's wear.

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Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1921-1922 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING. ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.



Special \$4.50

This beautiful switch twenty inches long natural hair.

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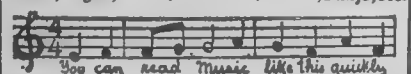
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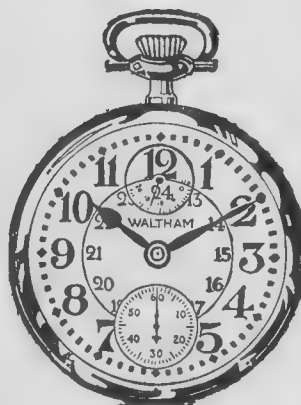
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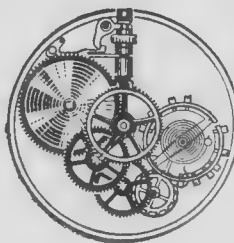
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"VANGUARD"

The World's Finest
Railroad Watch.
Ask your jeweler.

The Train



BETWEEN the two supporting plates of a Waltham watch, which together constitute a frame, is mounted a system of gearing, called a Time Train. At one extremity of the train is a hardened and tempered steel barrel (another Waltham creation) which contains the mainspring. When the thumb and finger wind the mainspring, its stored energy is delivered to the next wheel in the train and from that to the next, and so on.

This train consists of four wheels and pinions. The centre wheel is in the exact centre of the watch, and directly connected through the cannon pinion with the wheels that control the hour and minute hands; and through this centre wheel the power of the mainspring is carried onward through the other wheels of the train to the escape wheel pinion, which will be illustrated in a later advertisement.

The train of a Waltham watch—each wheel, each pinion—is cut to the fraction of a human hair—mechanically perfect, interchangeable for the serial watches they are made for—standardized in absolute exactness and quality, made by machines tuned to infinitesimal gauge-fit and untouched by human hands.

The "train" of the hand-made watch is made by the old hand process—not interchangeable, and of varying quality.

The vital part of the Waltham watch is another of those reasons why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

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HOUSE OF WALTHAM
189 St. James St., Montreal

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Our Fashions and Patterns

Continued



A Popular Lingerie Style—Pattern 3525 is portrayed here. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Silk, washable satin, crepe, crepe de chine, linen, lawn, cambric, voile and batiste are good for this style. Embroidery, lace or edging will be attractive for trimming. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Pleasing and Comfortable One-Piece Dress—Pattern 3627 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, chambray, calico, ratine, crash, pongee, shantung, serge and poplin could be used for this style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty One-Piece Gown—Pattern 3625 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3¾ yards of 44-inch material. Duvetyn, satin, serge, foulard, taffeta, linen, etamine, crepe, mohair, gingham and pongee are attractive for this model. The width of the skirt with plaits drawn out is about 2¾ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Afternoon Gown—Comprising waist pattern 3520 and skirt pattern 3511. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this model for a medium size will require 6¼ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. Serge with stitching, taffeta or satin with embroidery, or serge with braid, would be attractive for this design. It is also nice for linen, pongee, shantung, gingham, voile and crepe. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular and Attractive Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3516 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Serge and satin, crepe de chine and charmeuse would combine well in this model. It is also attractive for linen, voile, foulard, tricotine, batiste, gingham and taffeta. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Youthful Popular Style—Pattern 3364 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 yards of 27-inch material. Serge, duvetyn, tricotine, velveteen, satin, taffeta and wool mixtures, likewise linen and other wash fabrics are good for this model. The closing is effected at the side under the front panel. This dress measures about 1¾ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—Pattern 3309 is here depicted. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 5¼ yards of 27-inch material. Plaid gingham in green and white with facings of white linen would be good for this design. Taffeta, serge, gabardine, sateen, challie, shantung, organdie, and voile are also nice for its development. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Set of Hat and Apron—Pattern 3285 is portrayed in this attractive model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2¾ yards of 27-inch material for the apron and 1 yard for the hat. Apron and hat may be made of the same material. Cretonne, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, percale and shantung could be used. The apron may serve as a dress, and be worn with bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Pretty Frock for the Little Girl—Pattern 3261 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2¾ yards of 27-inch material. As here shown dotted challie in white and blue was used. Pip-

ings of white poplin trim the dress. This model is pretty in dimity or Swiss with lace or embroidery. It is also nice for gingham, percale and pique. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable House Dress in One-Piece Style—Pattern 3502 was used for this desirable model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is about 2¾ yards. Gingham in check or plaid patterns, striped seersucker, percale, linen, lawn, pongee or flannelette would be suitable for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS



The adoption of a mode of dressing that is genuinely artistic and becoming depends upon a woman's understanding of physical beauty. She must understand what it means to stand erect without conscious effort; that erect carriage is essential to dignity and grace of movement; that the appearance of proper height is largely a matter of suggestion. The proper proportions of correct corsetry unfailingly give the impression of graceful height. She must know the necessity of absolute freedom for the muscles of respiration, and that any garment that handicaps free breathing, mars her speaking voice and undermines the entire system.

There is a tendency to overlook the individual solution of the problems of dress. Particularly this has been true in the selection of corsets. But, as more and more women have come to a better understanding of those

unvarying principles of beauty and good taste that must be the foundation of all becomingness in dress, Gossard Corsets have found an undisputed place in the wardrobes of the world's best dressed women.

If you have never worn a Gossard Corset you will marvel at the artistry that has anticipated your needs with models that seem to have been created for you alone. There is not a type of figure so unusual or difficult to fit but can be gently persuaded into graceful lines and proportions with the proper Gossard Corset. And to this grace of outline, these original front lacing corsets add the comfort and beauty of unrestrained movement expressed in poise and distinction of carriage; a correct support that induces proper breathing and protects the organs of nutrition; and a wearing service far beyond the life of the average corset.

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Blemishes Removed Quickly

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My great complexion beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. You can try it without risk and prove all I say—all that thousands of others say who know the results. You have never in your life used or heard of anything like it. Will make muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic.

No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots; peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey", and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment beautifies your skin in a marvellous way. You look years younger. It gives the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of the wild admiration of all your friends, no matter what your age.

So, this minute, send me your name and address on the free coupon, or postal or letter, and by return mail I will write you full details in plain sealed envelope free. Decide now and do it for your own greater happiness.



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All Methods
Now Known are
Cast Aside by
Pearl La Sage

former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known—Nothing to Wear Nothing to Take Internally—Absolutely Harmless and Pleasant to Use. Your Complexion Can Look Like Hers If You Will Send Me Your Name

I Promise You

Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living necessary. Few minutes every day does it.

YOU, Too, Can now
Have a BEAUTIFUL
Complexion:

FREE COUPON

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Box 289, Station B, Montreal.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion. There is no obligation whatever on my part for this information.

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The coffee with the
flavor suggestive of the
second cup.
Gold Standard "The Chaffless Coffee"
The Godville Co. Limited.

16

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Coupon for
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TO-NIGHT!

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5

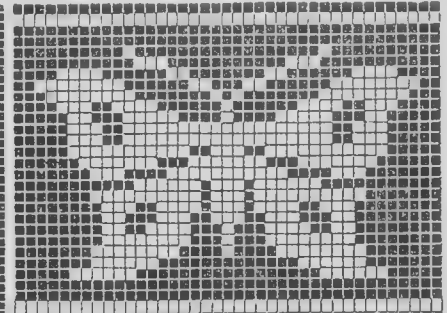
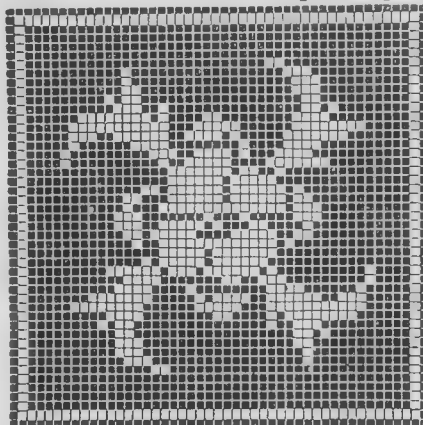
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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE



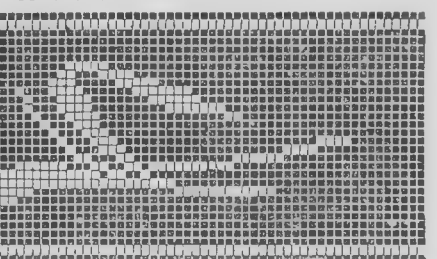
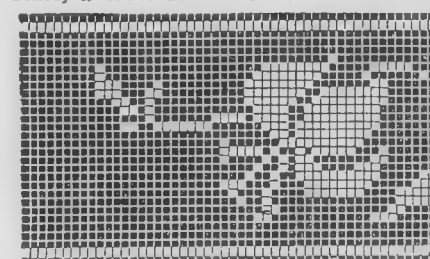
Have you ever stopped to think in how many, many ways crocheted insertions and squares may be used for trimming? We give some designs suitable for working in filet. In each case the diagram is given and no difficulty will be experienced in working the pattern. These designs may be combined in various ways with various materials with effective results. The white squares indicate solid mesh and the dark squares open mesh.



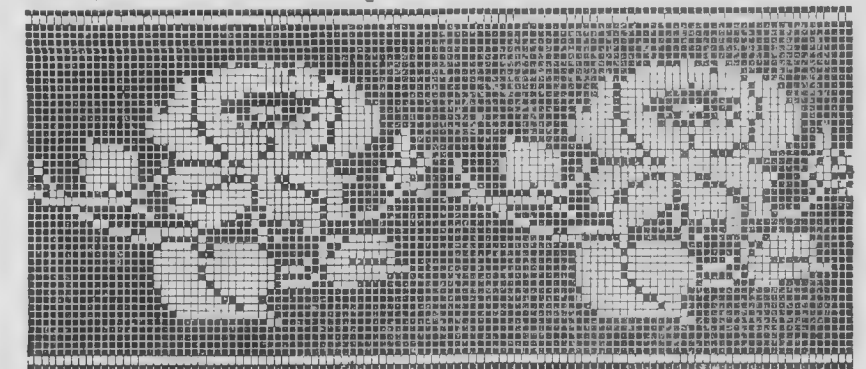
The butterfly insertion would make a most attractive towel end, either for a large or guest towel, according to the number of butterflies used.

This square medallion will be useful as an insert in the corner of a dresser scarf, a table runner or in the corners

of the window curtains.



This graceful lily, thrown across a towel end or a scarf would be most attractive. Add the number of open meshes at each end to fit its use.



The water lily insertion would make a lovely towel end if done in mercer-crochet No. 80, or useful for curtains or dresser scarfs, that one wants to be particularly handsome, if made of No. 50.

(Continued from page 15)

A BOOK FOR HUSBANDS.

The well-known Stacpooles have written a very amusing little story, one that men particularly will appreciate. For now husbands need no longer use the silly excuse of "a meeting" if by any chance they do not go home to supper! All they need say is "dear wife, I'm sorry, I had a sudden attack of Lethmann's disease."

According to the Stacpooles, in "The Man Who Found Himself" Lethmann's disease often attacks highly respectable men of mature age who then begin to behave in a most extraordinary and youthful manner. For instance, there was Simon Pettigrew, a most proper old lawyer of long and honorable standing. His clerk Mudd had lived with him for many years and knew hour by hour exactly what Simon Pettigrew was doing—until, alas, he contracted Lethmann's disease.

Then this staid old gentleman began to behave in a most shocking fashion. He drank, sent roses to a beautiful young French woman, wore purple socks and purple ties, and flung money around as if it grew on gooseberry bushes.

After a while he recovered, and in horror put himself under the care of a specialist who pronounced him to be suffering from Lethmann's disease.

Since the publication of this humorous story, men have been returning to their

anxious and angry wives, singing this song:-

Now, wife, don't you scold,
Don't look angry, don't be cold.
I've been very ill indeed—
Lived at such an awful speed,
Cocktails every hour or so.
(Lordy! How my cash did go)
Took a girl each day to dine.
(Should have seen us quaff the wine!)
Went to every bally show—
Who I was, just didn't know;
Now don't you scold me, wife—please,
Doc says I've Lethmann's New Disease!

TWO BOYS IN BEAVER-LAND.

This is the title of a delightful book by Major Radcliffe Dugmore written for all boys and girls who are interested in the lives and habits of the wild creatures and in the wonders of the open air life among sweet scented firs and placid lakes and where the sparkling rivers bid us come away from the restless cities.

This book belongs to the class of juvenile literature one loves to give to children. Good paper, bold print, subject matter that instructs and ennobles, and illustrations that are a delight to look at.

Major Dugmore has written an excellent story of two healthy minded, strong-bodied boys who visit Beaver Land and learn much of the fascinating little beaver whose "habits and ways offer good examples to big Brother Man."



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SEPTEMBER

Sir Goldenrod stands by and grieves
When Queen September goeth by;
Her viewless feet disturb the leaves
And with her south the thrushes fly,
Or loiter 'mid the rustling sheaves
And search and fail, and wonder why
The burgher cat-tails stiffly bow
Beside the marsh. The asters cast
Their purple coronets, and below
The brown ferns shiver in the blast,
And all the fretted pool aglow
Repeats the cold, clear, yellow sky.
The dear, loved summer days are past,
And tranquil goes the Queen to die.
—S. Weir Mitchell.

SOMETHING TO INTEREST YOU

HANGING BY ONE FOOT

To be on a railway trestle in the Canadian Rockies during a snowstorm is not in itself a comfortable situation. It is still less comfortable if a freight train wants to occupy the trestle at the same time. Two men who were caught in that predicament found themselves indeed in extreme danger, and one was saved from death as if by a miracle.

We had been following the railway tracks on foot for some time, says Mr. C. Montague, who tells the story in the Wide World Magazine, and it was now dark. We had only one thought in mind, and that was to reach Bonner's Ferry before morning. The railway follows a tortuous route thereabouts, twisting and turning continuously. It crosses many deep, wide ravines bridged by long, wooden trestles. These trestles are just a little wider than the rails, jutting out on either side perhaps twenty inches. Every forty or fifty yards there is a small platform built at the side. On each platform is a barrel of water—to be used, I presume, in case of fire.

We had travelled perhaps ten miles when we came to one of the trestles and started across. We had almost reached the centre of it when to our horror the headlight of a freight train flashed on from behind. We had not been able to hear the train coming on account of the storm. We had just passed one of the stands holding the water barrels, and, since I was a few yards ahead of my companion, I called to him to go back to that stand while I made for the one ahead. But it was farther off than I thought, and as the train thundered along behind me I began to feel a bit shaky. I could not travel fast because of the treacherous footing.

I was thinking of hanging by my hands over the side of the trestle, when about ten yards ahead I saw the water barrel. I could not say how far the engine was behind me, but I doubt whether it was more than twenty yards.

I have no clear remembrance of what happened during the next few seconds. I made desperate dash for the water stand and tripped over the rail. I remember a sickening plunge outward and downward; then I found myself hanging by one foot, and looking down through the blinding snow into an unknown depth. Overhead the freight train rumbled past, shaking the trestle violently.

I kept calling to Cockney—that was the nickname I had given my companion—and after a long time I heard his answering call. I fainted about that time, and the rest of the story I give as I heard it from him.

Cockney had reached his platform in plenty of time. As soon as the train had passed he followed it as fast as he could and as he drew near my platform heard my calls. When he caught sight of me, my left foot was wedged between two ties. He tore off a strong leather belt that he wore, strapped it round my leg just above the ankle and fastened it to the rail. Then, holding the rail with one hand, he leaned down

as far as he could and after a tremendous struggle landed me on the trestle. I could never learn just how he managed it; he said he did not know himself. He carried me over the bridge and got a fire started before I recovered consciousness.

Strange to say, my leg, although badly strained, was not broken. The next day my faithful companion carried me on his back for several miles through the snow until we came to an unoccupied shack that contained some flour, beans and bacon. He kept my leg in ice-water bandages and at the end of two weeks was able to continue my journey by easy stages as far as Bonner's Ferry.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

"Why is Queen Anne unlike a gooseberry bush?"

"Dunno; why?"

"Because Queen Anne is dead and

buried, but a gooseberry bush isn't dead if it's berried.

"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," said an author, "both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarrelled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying, haughtily: 'Remember, please, that I am the star.'

"Yes, I know you're the star," the other retorted, eyeing with amused smile the leading actress's long, slim figure, 'but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor!'"—Tit-Bits.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE MAIL CARRIER

While I was a passenger in a mail carrier's automobile on one of his trips, says a contributor to the Boston Transcript, I witnessed a curious incident in which a bird was the chief actor.

It occurred on one of the highways of Maine where the road was very narrow, with woods on either side. The driver stopped the car and called my attention to a partridge that was com-

ing toward us. "She", as the driver called the bird, walked slowly along the road close to the car, turning her pretty brown head to glance up at the driver. Then, after going on a yard or two, she came back, turning her head to give the driver another glance as she went by. I was curious to know what was on her mind, but the mail could not be delayed, and we went on.

The carrier told me that this was the second summer of their companionship; for the previous year he had noticed a partridge do the same thing at the same place, and he was convinced that it was the same bird. So they grew to be old friends, and their meetings are very likely a pleasant break in the monotony of delivering the mail.

"Sorry I gave you the wrong number," said the polite telephone operator.

"Don't mention it," answered the man who had made up his mind not to lose his temper. "I'm sure the number you gave me was much better than the one I asked for. Only it just happened I wasn't able to use it."—Washington Star.

How far is Assistance?

HOW far do you travel when in need of outside assistance? Do you hitch up? Send a messenger? Walk, or rely upon a passer-by? Right now, recall the last time you urgently needed someone's help. When the vet. could have saved some valuable animal. Where the early arrival of the doctor would have saved money, worry and, perhaps, life itself. When some information that you "just had to get" caused you to lose an hour to half-a-day's time!

Man, the farm that to-day lacks the telephone is like a ship without wireless! Why should you endure isolation and its drawbacks? Is there any reason why you and your family should be exiles?

What your farm needs is the telephone — the addition to the farm that benefits the whole family. The use of which saves you time, labor and money. The mere installation of which carries with it a feeling of security. Give them — your farm — your children — the telephone. The "Makers of the Nation's Telephones" are willing to extend their full co-operation.

The installation of a rural telephone system is of low individual cost. To a representative party or parties we will gladly send full particulars of how you may enjoy the privileges of the magic wire. Address the House nearest you

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Montreal	Ottawa	Windsor	Calgary
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Sunday Reading

The Atonement.

The Evangelists gave a large place to the death of Christ. Over one-fourth of their story is given to a recital of the sufferings of Our Saviour. In the direct teachings of Jesus but two references are made. In Matthew XXVIII, occur the words: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many," and in Luke XII it is written: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you." And in Matthew the corresponding translation is: "This is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

In the fourth Gospel Christ is reported as speaking more definitely of his death, though it is sometimes difficult to tell when Jesus is reported or when John is expressing his own thought. Among the passages of value are these: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up" and "God sent not his son into the world to judge the world, but that the world might be saved." Also there is this "I am the good shepherd and the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." "If I be lifted up will draw all men unto Myself." No doubt one reason why Jesus said so little about his death was the fact that its significance could not be understood in advance.

In the Acts of the Apostles the resurrection of Christ has a special prominence. His resurrection by declaring Him to be the Son of God in power, set Him forth as a divine Redeemer whose sacrifice was availing and whose power was mighty to deliver.

In the epistles of Paul we have the fullest interpretation of the sacrifice of Calvary. So true is this, that some have said Paul has given us a new gospel—an authorized addition to the teachings of Jesus. Perhaps it would be clearer to say that whereas Jesus preached the kingdom, Paul preached the King. Paul gloried in Christ and His Cross. His Gospel was the "word of the cross."

"He came into the world to save sinners—He was delivered up for our trespasses—He died for the ungodly—By His death are we reconciled to God—By his blood we are justified—He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity—He loved me and gave Himself for me."

In the epistle to the Hebrews. Christ is a priest who lays Himself upon the altar of the Cross pulling away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Apart from the shedding of blood there is no remission.

To Peter, Christ is the great exemplar "for as much as Christ suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves with the same mind". All his teaching is in harmony with his thought.

John has three references to the atonement—"the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin." "He is the propitiation for our sins," "He sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins."

In Revelation the Saviour is praised by a countless host because "He has loved them and washed them from their sins by his blood."

It will be seen that the gospel writers all view the atonement differently; that there is essential unity in their underlying conception—salvation is through sacrifice. With the passing of Christ the redemption of man is inseparably connected.

The translation of experience into dogma must be an age-long process. Not one set of writers but the followers of Christ during the ages must reveal the riches of His grace.

Sin.

The one problem of the world is Sin. Had there been no sin there would be no need of the Atonement.

All sin is related to God. Take away the idea of God and you take away the possibility of sin, for sin is a personal offence committed against a Personal Being with whom we have loving relations.

The doctrine of the Atonement does not rest upon the doctrine of original sin but upon the fact and experience of present and personal sin. Salvation delivers from a wrath to come by delivering from the sin of the present. Sin is a man's own act, his own free creation. It is not something born in him but something done by him.

"It is not what my hands have done

That weighs my spirit down
That casts a shadow o'er the sun
And over earth a frown.

It is not any heinous guilt
Or vice by men abhorred,
For fair the fame that I have built
A fair fame's just reward.

And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.
Alas! they only see in part,

And thus they judge the whole.
They cannot look upon the heart,
They cannot read the soul.

But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
Its roots may there conceal.

And spread its poison through the frame
Without a sin that man can blame."

And the more fully light enters the soul the more pungent is the sense of sin.

To secure salvation from sin is the end of the Atonement.

Fatherhood and Brotherhood.

The great contributions of Christ to religion as a whole was the revelation to man that God is a Father. In Him, Fatherhood was made real and vital.

The original relationship which man sustains to God can never be dissolved. He is God's child. While still a prodigal in rags the father says of him "This is my son. Sin cannot annul the sonship. The saddest thing about man is that he has lost the sense of his divine sonship."

The relation of God to man is that of Father; the relation of Christ to man is that of brother. The Brotherhood of Christ is the foundation of Saviourhood. "It behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren that he might be a merciful and high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people."

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IS determined by its history, its policy, its management, and the extent of its resources. For over 100 years the Bank of Montreal has been in the forefront of Canadian finance.

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Head Office: Montreal.

Total Assets in Excess of \$500,000,000



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my first
Bissell"



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The Bissell you buy today has an added advantage in its improved "Cyco" Ball Bearing principle, over the one your mother bought. So smooth running it guides with one hand. So light it is carried in one hand.

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Carpet Sweeper

Takes up dust, dirt, litter and threads easily, quickly, thoroughly, without raising dust. Saves your time and labor, your health and strength.

Even if you have an electric cleaner, you will find the Bissell always handiest for the daily sweeping.

If any dealer can't show you Bissell's, write us. We will send booklet "Sweeping Facts and Fallacies," and see that you are supplied.

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Can't spill, can't explode, even if tipped over. Cost to use only 10 to 12 cents a week. Brass, heavily nicked and polished. Inspected, tested and guaranteed. Will last a lifetime. Take this advertisement to your dealer.

He will gladly get a Quick-Lite for you on approval. Free Book showing different styles sent on request. This lamp is made in Canada.

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from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps. **W. F. YOUNG Inc.**, 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine & Absorbine Jr. are made in Canada.

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A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Correspondence

BY THE BANKS OF THE WATER

Dear Editor and Readers—Here is one more longing to join your happy circle. I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for four years and consider it one of the best magazines printed.

I am a country gal, living in a rather isolated place, it being a small island surrounded by Lake Winnipeg, but it is a real beauty spot in summer, with emerald colored fields and shrubs and wild roses in profusion along the banks of the blue water. It is the place every true lover of nature would appreciate.

I have spent several months at a time in the city, but when summer approaches, I usually pack my belongings and set off for home, away from the heat and the dust of the city offices.

I love sports of all kinds. I do a lot of dancing and ball playing also swim a little.

Well, I will say no more. I do hope to see this letter in print. Would like to receive letters from members, especially those lonely western bachelors as I love correspondence. My address is with the Editor.

Wild Rose 2.

AN ALL-ROUND SPORT

Dear Editor and Readers—I have been reading the Correspondence Page with pleasure for ever so long and have often wanted to write. But my courage always failed. I am a young farmer and rancher living with my parents near the Frenchman River. The scenery in summer is very grand.

Like many of the readers there is nothing I like better than riding, roping and breaking bronchos. My favorite pastime is dancing and there is always a lot of dances out here. We have a baseball team and I am on it. I am nineteen years and would like to hear from members especially the fair sex of around my own age.

Wild Bill.

FAVORITE AUTHORS

Dear Editor and Readers—At last I have gotten up courage to write. There is always so many interesting letters on the Correspondence Page and I enjoy them.

I live on a farm twenty miles from the nearest town, quite a distance, but with a car, we make it in a very short time. I like the country and my favorite pastimes are riding, dancing and reading. My favorite authors are Fox, Wright, Beach, Zane Grey, and ever so many others. We have a basketball club here. This also is a good pastime.

I am a young girl of almost eighteen summers, and I would like so much to gain correspondents of either sex. I will, of course, answer all letters. Now, dear Editor, will you please print this?

With best wishes to all.

Prairie Belle.

NEVER AGAIN

Dear Editor and Readers—Another reader peeping his head out of amongst the bushes, looking for an opening in the Correspondence Page.

I am an old reader of The Western Home Monthly, but for a few years it was my misfortune to have drop to it. However, here I am subscribing again and you may depend upon it that I won't be without it again. I missed reading the pages, especially the Correspondence Page. I would like to suggest that The Western Home Monthly published weekly or fortnightly, and then the title would have to be changed accordingly. I hope the readers will back me up on this.

I wish Willow the Wisp would write me. I would have written first, but I haven't got the nerve.

With best wishes to the readers and The Western Home Monthly.

Bronco Buster.

(EDITORIAL—Continued from page 2)

American Medical Society, which, in seeking to find the causes of moral laxity, laid the burden on jazz music.

It is only a slip from jazz to futurist music. Those who do not know this will read with interest the following account.

"Their valiant and not exactly shrinking leader, Signor Marinetti, recently gave a concert in Paris to demonstrate the orchestra of the future. In some

preliminary remarks he kindly explained to the audience the theory and method of the new musical art. Its aim is to "organize" or "musicalize" noise. Hence the name given to his band of musicians, the "Futurist Noise-Makers." To compass their ends, it is obvious that they need more new instruments than even Richard Strauss found necessary. Accordingly, there have been invented—no fewer than twenty-nine of them, horrendous machines with horrendous names—"howlers," "croakers," "growlers," "shriekers," and so on. The object is to render in music the worst noises of country and city along with the cries of animals.

"Music has cynically been defined as a noise to make dogs bark. But the Futurists install their dogs in the orchestra itself, together with donkeys, cats, lions and hyenas. The result is, naturally, not a harmony of sweet sound, but that, of course, was never intended. What we must have, in music as in fiction and painting and sculpture and plays, is a large "cross-section of life," the more repulsive the better. And life being well known to be mostly sound and fury, the Futurist music-makers are giving it a just interpretation. At least this is what Signor Marinetti gravely argues. It is sad to record the fact, however, that his hearers in the Champs-Elysees Theatre matched the howls of his orchestra with howls of laughter."

There is a close relation between jazz and kindred music to Bolshevism or anarchy, for in both there is a denial of law and order. Socially and individually it is a crime to encourage the dissipation in music and dancing that is associated with the words jazz and shimmy. Just as Plato in his time protested against the introduction of new forms of music into the state because they spelled revolution, so we who have regard for quiet home life and national integrity will do well to fight these new forms of excess that are so threatening in their malign influence.

(Continued from page 12)

When she joined him in the sitting-room rather later he scarcely recognized her. Her hair was brushed and shone like bronze, and was dressed becomingly. Her frock was a wonder of dainty simplicity.

Truly the chrysalis had changed into a butterfly by some manner of means.

All through the first and second acts he fidgeted in the darkness of their box. During the third he left her with a muttered apology, left her to watch from the back of the circle, and when at last the curtain fell and there was a perfect ovation he sat staring in front of him like a man dazed.

Someone knocked at the door. "They're calling for you," whispered a man's voice. "Come along."

He stumbled blindly out.

They were whirling along over Westminster Bridge in their taxi, homeward bound.

"It's a wonderful success!" she said softly.

"Yes." Then he turned to her. "Only," he said, "it's not half of it mine. I don't understand it—it's been altered. I shall have to go and see what it all means in the morning."

She tucked her arm in his, and laughed shakily.

"You needn't trouble," she said, half frightened, "because the other half's mine."

"Yours!" he echoed swiftly.

"Yes," she said. "When—when you were ill it came back for the tenth time. I had ideas. Well, I wanted something to take my attention, occupy my mind while I sat up with you at night. I did it stealthily bit by bit—as an experiment. I—I thought it could do no harm. I kept the loose sheets in case they wouldn't look at the altered version, so that I could have put them back. They're at home in the house at Cottonchester. When I go back—"

But the Man who was Brilliant was awake at last. All he did was to take her in his arms.

"My wife," said he, "we are never going back, you and I."



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

British Fair Play

Germans pin their faith to "British fair play." That's what the world does, though some nations love to fire a royal salute of bricks at the British lion.—Kansas City Star.

Age and Youth

Chicago policemen say they can't enforce the curfew law because they can't tell the grandmothers from the girls of curfew age. Thus is youth restored by the short skirt.—Buffalo Express.

The Wrong Route to Reform

Someone threw a bomb at the king of Bulgaria and injured a number of school children. The aim of the reformer who wants to reform by the bomb route is always bad.—Montreal Gazette.

A Remarkably Larger "Utmost"

The utmost that the Germans could pay, less than a year ago, was \$13,000,000,000. They have now discovered that they can pay \$47,600,000,000. That country is getting rich fast.—Halifax Chronicle.

The U.S. Tariff Wall

The United States tariff wall which is being built to keep the goods of other nations out of the United States may get to such a height that United States goods may not be able to get across it to get out.—Vancouver Sun.

The Way John D. Started

John D. Rockefeller has informed his grandchildren that he made his first dollar back in 1848 raising turkeys four miles north of Moravia, N.Y. Any children who wish to become multi-millionaires are welcome to the information.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Past, Present and Future

A young people's society in St. Catharines has decided that the women of fifty years ago were better wives than are the women of to-day. Now it's up to the girls of that society to see to it that the women of to-morrow shall be as good wives as were those of fifty years ago.—Kingston Whig.

U.S. Money in Canada

At present there are about 650 branches of American firms manufacturing in Canada. During 1920, there were 50 American branch plants established here, an average of about one a week. Nearly \$500,000,000 of American money are invested in these industries.—Wall Street Journal.

To Punish Automobile Thieves

The penalty for stealing an automobile will be a year in prison, without option of a fine, if the amendment to the criminal code, passed in the commons, is ratified by the senate. This is a much-needed reform in the penal laws, because auto stealing has been far too long treated as a prank.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Spirit of the West

Mr. P. H. Watson, a soldier settler, on a reserve near Whitewold, Sask., had his eye injured while splitting wood. He was unable to go on with the work of seeding. The neighboring farmers organized a bee among the soldier settlers, and 94 acres were seeded in one day. This is the spirit of the pioneers of old Canada.—Toronto Star.

Belated Dues on a Hymn

United States courts have just ordered the payment of \$56,000 royalties to the widow and children of the author of the hymn, "The Sweet By and By," written in 1865. The author was a good judge of what he was writing about.—Brandon Sun.

A Criminal Offense

The hand of the law stretches out for the man who drives an automobile while intoxicated. By the latest amendment to the criminal code this has been made a criminal offense. An automobile in the hands of a drunken man is an engine of destruction. The danger arising from the combination of the two is too great to be tolerated.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Insect Destructiveness

The annual loss in Canada to field, orchard and garden crops, due to destructive insects, is, on a conservative estimate, upwards of \$200,000,000. To this huge devastation must be added the enormous annual destruction caused by forest insects, stored produce insects, etc. It is certain that these losses would be much greater if it were not for our insectivorous birds.—Galt Reporter.

The Inventor of the Telephone

In a story published by the Toronto Telegram the heroine alluded to Mr. Edison as the inventor of the telephone. Promptly the Toronto Star seized upon the error and exposed it. "Where," it asks, "did Mary get that stuff about the telephone having been

invented by Mr. Edison? It was invented by a Canadian, Alexander Graham Bell." And the Star also is wrong. Bell is not a Canadian. He is a Scotchman, and never saw Canada until he was grown up.—Guelph Herald.

Boys as Tree Planters

In the State of Louisiana 25,000 boys have been enrolled to restore forests. It is estimated that a schoolboy can plant and care for five acres without interfering with his studies and his farm work. Apart from the national benefit, the moral effect of giving a constructive turn to the boy's abounding energies will be immense. In Tennessee and Mississippi there is a movement for planting "bad lands" with the black locust, which quickly yields a crop and checks the erosion of the soil.—Toronto Globe.

The Change in Germany

The Mailed Fist is now the tight fist.—Ottawa Citizen.

In Every Way the Best

Honesty is also the best foreign policy.—Toledo Blade.

The Super-Failure

Germany has failed both at invasion and evasion.—Toronto Telegram.

But How to Change It

Uncle Sam finds that the Japanese Diet doesn't agree with him.—Washington Herald.

Can you blame the Frenchman who wants to bury the hatchet—in Germany?—Brantford Expositor.

Humorist's Derby

Humorist is the name of the horse that won the Derby. Funny name for a horse!—Halifax Herald.

Two Ways of Putting It

Lloyd George says that international politics is "a game of checkers." Also of exchequers.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Warships or Friendships?

Our greatest national problem is whether we shall build warships or friendships.—Minneapolis Journal.

Russian Item

And so Russia is making dyes. Well, let's hope she manages to turn out a washable Red.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Quite So

Even though the Germans cannot boast of winning the war, they can always brag about what it cost them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Retribution

Germany had its fling and is now paying the piper. As with individual, so with nations.—Glasgow Herald.

A Simple Programme

As we understand it, Lenine urges foreign capital to rebuild his armies to destroy foreign capital.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Following a Good Example

Chicago has voted in favor of free text books in the public schools. Thereby putting itself in line with Winnipeg and other progressive cities.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Racial Hatred

Twice the world has been free from racial hatred. Once was when Adam was a young yellow. The other time was when Noah came out of the ark.—Omaha World-Herald.

Still Another Joke on Henry

We hope Mr. Ford's imitation cow will be more successful than the imitation cowboys in the movies.—Regina Post.

Theory Won't Do It

A fine theory never yet built a house. It takes lumber, hammers, nails, workmen, and necessity.—Saskatoon Star.

Austria and Mexico

The republic of Austria has recognized the republic of Mexico. That pretty nearly ought to square things.—Boston Transcript.

Canadian Livestock

It is no argument against the embargo on Canadian livestock to point out that Lord Beaverbrook was imported on the hoof.—London Punch.

Hates

Some of the agitators hate the yellow races, and some hate the white, and some appear to hate the human race.—New York Tribune.

The Bismarckian Plan

An Empire built on the Bismarckian plan of "blood and iron" may be all right in the beginning, but it has a tendency to rust.—Victoria Colonist.

The German Method

Germany has during the past few months demonstrated convincingly that she is willing to pay up by installments—with a strong emphasis on the stall.—Washington Star.

A Cynical Remark

Less than a third of the world's population is white. And it seems sometimes that less than 10 per cent of that third act that way.—Hamilton Herald.

The Germs on a Dollar Bill

There are 36,743,957 germs on the average paper dollar. But the average man doesn't keep the dollar long enough to count 'em.—Calgary Albertan.

A Question

Just as a matter of curiosity, how many times does Germany think Allies should win the war before they can be considered to have won it?—Montreal Standard.

The Right Spirit

Despite lower prices the farmers of Canada have not reduced their acreage. That is the spirit that will pull the country through.—St. John Globe.

Excuses That Cannot Stand

Germany's excuses for not paying her debts are hardly inferior to her excuse for the invasion of Belgium.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Difference

It may be that the movies cause as much meanness as the saloons, but nobody shows up at the theatre next morning to beg for another reel.—Hamilton Spectator.

Where Man's Cleverness Fails

Man may be clever all right, but he has to sit back in the role of a spectator when old Aurora Borealis takes to performing on the telegraph wires.—Edmonton Journal.

Western Coal

The West learned long ago that Western coal could be used to replace anthracite. If freight rates were more reasonable the East might learn the same lesson.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Fine Country To Get Out Of

Russia is such a fine place to live that an American over there went on a hunger strike in order to get the authorities to deport him.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

More Remains To Be Done

Bibles in 538 languages and to the number of 8,655,791 were distributed throughout the world last year, but the effect is not so great as one might have hoped.—Omaha Bee.

Laws and Police Needed

If the world were perfect there would be no need for any laws or any policemen. But there are a lot of laws and a lot of policemen.—Quebec Chronicle.

A Gunmen's Price

Gunmen can be hired in Chicago for \$50 each, according to evidence in a court case there. Living costs may be high in Chicago, but life is cheap.—Calgary Herald.

Plant a Tree

"Only God can make a tree," said the poet. Yes, but almost anyone can plant a tree, and everyone who plants a tree of the right sort in the right place does a public service.—Regina Leader.

A Hohenzollern Smuggler.

Convicted of smuggling money out of Germany, the former Prince Eitel Freidrich Hohenzollern was fined 5,000 marks (\$100) by a merciful German court. That the kaiser's son was brought to court is an encouraging sign, even though he was not required to sit in the defendant's box. But the old order changes bit by bit. Perhaps Germany will yet force Bavaria to disarm and actually make the first gold payment.—New York Trib.

Missing the Opportunity

The United States is in an excellent position to take the initiative in reducing armaments, and the place to begin is on the sea, because our land forces could not be regarded as a menace by any great power. We seem to be missing the opportunity, if we have not already missed it, of giving leadership to a disarmament movement by showing that we did not fear to set an example in the right direction.—Springfield Republican.

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